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TELEPATHY.

Last night we met, where others meet,
To part as others part;
And greeted but as others greet,
Who greet not heart to heart.

We talked of other things, and then
To other folk passed by;
You turned and sat with other men,
With other women I.

And yet a world of things unsaid
Meanwhile between us passed;
Your cheek my phantom kiss flushed red,
And you looked up at last.

And then your glance met mine midway
Across the chattering crowd;
And all that heart to heart can say
Was in that glance avowed.
—Owen Meredith.

BAPTIZED BY FIRE.

"That reminds me of an incident," said Uncle Zarah. "That riding master may think he knows it all so far as 'grace' is concerned, though his ideas of grace differ with mine materially, but I'd like to tell him about one woman I have known who 'had been accustomed to the management of horses in rural parts or on the plains,' who had been at home on a horse's back all her life and seldom essayed any gait but a 'gallop,' yet who could lay it over any rider in this city for grace."

Uncle paused to polish his glasses, then remarked interrogatively. "You remember Mrs. —? Her name was Captola. Did I ever tell you how Capple won her husband?

"It was an early September morning in the late sixties. The summer rains had made vegetation rank and the buffalo grass was then thickly matted, brown and dry as powder. The night had been gray and still and given place to a skylike copper in the morning and a strange stillness brooded in the air.

"I had been giving orders for branding a bunch of steers to send to the lower range, and as I came up on the porch I discovered Cap in her dingy old riding habit sitting on the edge swinging her feet and snapping a quirt, her pony browsing just in front of her, and beside her was Henry—the owner of the big 'Home' ranch and her affianced lover. His bridle rein was thrown over his arm and he was earnestly begging the girl to comply with some request.

"'Please, Cappie, yield to me this time.'

"'But I want the gloves and whip.'

"'I'll buy you a gross of silver mounted whips and a dozen pairs of Jouvin's best, import them especially for the purpose, if you will give up riding at the fair.'

"'That would be a circumstance, wouldn't it?' flashed Captola. 'I could shake them under Miss Oates' nose and say "There! just see what I got for letting you win the prize." No, Hal, it isn't the gloves or the whip but a mean little ambition I want to gratify. That woman called me a hoyden, an uncultivated little heathen, and said I couldn't ride a little bit. I don't mind the hoyden and heathen. I suppose I am both, but I can ride, and mean to do it.'

"'Little girl, you hurt me when you talk so thoughtlessly.'

"'And you hurt me cruelly,' she cried passionately, as she turned her flashing eyes on him. 'I'm ashamed to acknowledge how much. I thought you loved me, but you don't. When you see me beside your mother and your incomparable sisters and—and that horrid prim Puritan, Miss Oates, you get ashamed of me and want to make me over by the square and level of your own social world, but—you can't do it. I tried to cultivate the little prairie anemones, but they always died. I'll die, too, under the cultivating process. So you—I think—you can have your ring back' and with a little sob Captola began to tug at her gauntlets, but Henry caught her hands.

"'My dear little wild bird, I love you. I am twenty years older than you are, but never said that to a woman until I met you. I am graver and quieter than you are, but I like your sunny ways—your bright nature. My mother and sisters do not know you as well as I do, and they want me to marry Miss Oates. They are looking for flaws in my gem, and I don't want them to have a chance to think they have found one. It is such a little thing I have asked you. Your father is away; there is no one to attend you, as you utterly refuse my escort unless I desert my mother and the other ladies, which I cannot do. You—well, you know, little girl, that you are very unconventional in both manners and dress, and I do wish you would try to win them over, child.' Henry paused, feeling that he was making a bad matter worse.

"'Never!' Cap replied angrily, as she jerked her hands away. 'They may take me as I am or not at all. If mamma had lived maybe I would have been different—as prunes and prisims as Miss Oates, possibly—but I've only had dad, and he likes me best as I am. I never would have thought of riding at the fair, only when we were all out horseback riding one night after Miss Oates first came she said, purposely for me to hear, that "sticking on" was not good riding by any means, and made fun of my "old fashioned" riding habit.' And Cap's tears splashed down on the dingy black calico.

"'You are much prettier in it than Miss Oates is in hers,' returned Henry warmly.

"'Oh, yes!' said Cap mockingly, 'much prettier; but you don't want to see me match my skill against her grace; but I will, and I will win the whip and gloves; so now!'

"'Then we will discuss the matter no further.'

"'Adios, then, senor, until this afternoon, and remember,' she called as she vaulted on Bret's back and turned to go, 'after today I mean to show that dad has as much money as anybody. I don't care for dress, but if you do you shall be pleased,' and with a saucy kiss from her finger tips she rode away.

"I felt sorry for both, but I knew it would come out all right. In his summers on his stock ranch, only two miles away, Henry had seen Captola grow into a willful but lovable girl, and had yielded up all the strength of his great heart to her, but as she was too young to marry he was 'waiting' for her. His mother and sisters had come from the Quaker City to 'inspect' the possible addition to the family, and were horrified at her unconventionalities, particularly her going about by herself. The special grievance was over the county fair.

"Miss Oates and some of the city girls were going to ride for the prize, properly chaperoned, of course. Captola suddenly decided that she, too, would ride. The rules for entry required saddles, a piece of furniture Cap scorned, and besides her riding alone. Henry feared that she would be defeated by Miss Oates, who was extremely graceful in the saddle, and he knew that would nearly break the child's heart. He was not aware that Cap had a thoroughbred Kentucky mare of her father's in training under saddle, or that she had added to her wardrobe an almost conventional habit. Captola was so nearly perfect that I verily believe she could have ridden on that saddle standing on her head," and Uncle Zarah stopped to chuckle quietly at the remembrance.

"When afternoon came the fair grounds were crowded. Half a dozen young ladies in prim black and blue cloth habits, chimneypot hats, long gauntlets and veils, which they wore then, were gathered near the judges' stand and their escorts were chatting with them, waiting the order to clear the ring.

"'Where is your Lady Gay Spanker, Henry?' asked his sister as he drove up with his mother. Henry frowned slightly, but before he could answer a little buzz of comment called the attention of all as Captola rode up unattended. She wouldn't even let me ride my old cob beside her, so I was there before her in the buggy.

"Lord, but she was a beauty. Her slender black mare was as mettlesome as could be, and tossed her long mane and tail impatiently as she obeyed that little hand, with its touch of velvet and grip of steel. Cap was as slim and willowy as a cottonwood sapling in her close fitting black velvet habit. She had put up all her curls under a little black velvet hat, around which was a long, black ostrich plume.

"Miss Oates looked like a thundercloud. She had expected to see the child on her little mustang and in the old black calico habit skirt she usually wore. Henry smiled and went to her instantly with a loving word, and I knew the clouds had disappeared for a time.

"The tournament began; up and down, around this way and back that, under the coppery sky the ladies rode, then paused. The judges were undecided, so they went through the paces again. No decision. The ladies would please change horses.

"Cap was off Rondo in an instant, but many of the ladies demurred. Miss Oates positively refused to mount anything but her own thoroughly trained animal. The contest narrowed to Cap and two other plains bred girls, but even they dared not mount Rondo. Cap rode each of the six horses in turn. As she changed the seventh and last time to Rondo she rode to me.

"'Uncle, don't you smell the prairie fire?' she asked uneasily.

"'Yes,' I replied; 'but it's across the creek; it can't reach us.'

"'I was thinking of the school house,' she replied hurriedly as the judges called. 'School began in Henry's district yesterday and his sister let her little daughter go with Rose Williams to day,' and then she rode into the ring.

"I looked at my watch—3:30—then over to the north. The smoke was rolling up black and thick. I could see an eating line of red. The sun was beginning to look like a yellow haze and the air was dense and heavy with the odor of burned grass. If the wind should rise—just then a puff lifted my hat. Yes, the school house was in great danger if the wind veered a point or two. I heard a shout of pleasure and turned to see the judge hand a silver mounted whip to Cap. She turned her head to look at me, and over beyond me saw the clouds of smoke. She brought the whip down on the flanks of the mare, and quivering with fright Rondo reached me in two leaps.

"'The Gill school house,' gasped Cap, as she pointed with her whip.

"To that moment the prairie fire, so common a thing, had not been noticed. In a moment all was confusion. Miss Oates screamed. Miss Merriam, Henry's sister, fainted and his mother turned white. In an instant Henry was out of the buggy with his hand on Rondo's neck.

"'May I take her, Cappie? Nellie is over there.'

"Cap slid down. The saddle was flung off, and cutting the mare with the silver mounted handle of the whip Cap thrust in his hand Henry was off, followed by half a dozen mounted men.

"Just then Cap heard a whinner, and a cold nose was thrust against her face.

"With a scream of joy she threw her arms about Bret's neck. The faithful little mustang had broken its lariat rope and followed its mistress. Catching the trailing rope Cap tied it bridle fashion in the halter, then slipping out of her velvet riding skirt and tearing off her gauntlets she said to me as she jumped on Bret, 'I know a short cut below the ford, maybe I can help, and was off.

"I followed in the buggy.

"Cap reached the school house. The fire guards were forty feet wide and the teacher and his pupils had burned the grass about the building and felt safe in the school-room. The teacher said he would not let the children go till all danger was passed.

"Cap asked for Nellie Merriam.

"'She tried to go home, so I permitted her to do so about 3 o'clock.'

"The teacher told me afterward that he thought he had been struck by lightning when Cap got her breath.

"'Idiot' she blazed, 'to let a little city bred six-year-old child go half a mile across the prairie by herself. Why, she isn't tall enough to see over the blue stem in the buffaloes' yellow,' and she dashed away.

"At the ranch only the frightened housekeeper appeared. Nellie had not come! Cap rushed in the house and grabbed a handful of matches and a blanket from a pile that was airing on the porch. This she dipped in the watering trough as she flew by; then she jumped on Bret again, with the dripping blanket before her.

"'The little mischief has gone down in that ravine where we found the rabbit's nest, and if the wind changes one atom to the northwest we are doomed,' was her one thought as she dug her heels in Bret's steaming sides.

"Sure enough, as she neared the bank of the ravine, she saw a head of damp, dark curls and a little girl came clambering and crying up the steep banks. Cap slid to the ground and gathered the frightened waif in her arms. It was too late to ride from the fire. With all the strength left her she struck Bret a stinging blow. 'Go home if you can, she cried, and the snorting mustang fled before the flames, now hot upon them.

"Cap struck matches and threw into the ravine. The fire leaped up and ran over the bank toward the creek. Down over the hot embers, hands and feet blistering and the child in her arms screaming in pain, Cap crept, dragging the wet blanket with her. The oncoming flames swept to the edge of the ravine and hungrily licked up the bits of dry grass left. They singed Cap's hair and nearly cooked her face. She could barely keep the frantic child under the blanket and could not save herself.

"The roar and crackle died away toward the creek, the air cooled a little and then came unconsciousness.

"Just at dusk we found them. The men had all taken the bridge road, two miles around, but Bret and Cap had gone right down over the rocky hill and across the stream, dangerous to ford at the proper place, doubly dangerous there; but they had dared and won.

"Henry and his men rode right into the jaws of hell in the blue stem along the creek, and had to retreat till the flames had exhausted themselves at the water's edge.

"We found Bret first. He had stumbled in a dog hole, broken his leg and died in the fire. After a search of four awful hours we found Cap. Through the gathering gloom the crying of the child guided us to her. The wet blanket had saved Nellie, but poor Cap was nearly dead. She had lost all her yellow curls. Her face was blistered and her eyes swollen shut. The waist to her new habit was irretrievably ruined and her skirts nearly burned off.

"She was wandering a little in her mind, and when Henry gathered her up in his arms as he put her blistered little hands about his neck and said sorrowfully, 'If I'd had a mother maybe I'd be different.'

"'Thank God, you are your dear, loving little self,' Henry replied, with grave tenderness, as he drew her disfigured face close to his loving heart.

"It was a baptism of fire, but it burned lots of dross out of several natures and blazed a safe and sure way for two of the best people I ever knew to tread.

"Yes," concluded Uncle Zarah, "I shall always insist that 'knowing how to gallop' was in this instance a very desirable accomplishment, even if not according to the 'English' method."—Washington Star.

MANUFACTURING ICE.

A SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF HOW ARTIFICIAL ICE IS MADE.

The Principle of Ammonia Freezing Machines Very Clearly Set Forth—The Factor That Heat Is in Producing Cold. The Part That Pressure Plays.

The principle on which the manufacture of ice is based is exemplified in the relation of heat into the conversion of water into gas steam. A certain amount of heat is required for the conversion of any fluid into a gas. This heat becomes, as we say, latent—that is, is being employed for the time in producing violent undulations of the gas molecules.

Whenever a liquid is converted into a gas, heat must come from somewhere. In the making of steam it comes from the fire; in the ordinary evaporation of the water out of doors it comes from the sun. When there is no special heating arrangement, but the conditions are favorable for the gaseous change in the fluid, heat will be taken up from surrounding substances if they have any.

If you dip your hand in water and then wave it through the air the water will evaporate—that is, be converted into gas—and you will appreciate by the cool sensation that heat has been abstracted from your hand. If you use instead of water some fluid which more readily passes into the gaseous state, such as alcohol or ether, the sensation of coolness will be more immediate and intense.

Now this is the principle which is applied in the manufacture of ice. Some fluid which evaporates readily is forced to do so under such conditions that the heat which it must have and render latent in its vapor will be extracted from a limited quantity of water, and this process being made continuous, so much heat will finally be abstracted from the water that its molecules can no longer stay mobile, but fly together into crystals—the water freezes.

The evaporating fluid used in practice may be sulphuric ether or sulphurous acid or ammonia. The last is perhaps nowadays most often used. These fluids are kept in strong, close pipes and receivers, and can under no conditions come into contact with the water to be frozen.

Suppose we consider the ammonia freezing machines very briefly only, for into the details of the process it is not necessary for us here to enter.

But in order to understand this operation one more physical principle must be stated, which is that the degree of pressure to which a substance is exposed has a great influence upon the temperature at which it passes from the fluid to the gaseous condition. Water at the ordinary altitudes boils—that is, is converted into vapor—at 100 degs. centigrade (212 degs. Fahrenheit). But on a high mountain it will boil at a lower temperature than this, because the atmospheric pressure is less there.

On the other hand, if you put a gas into a receiver, and expose it to a sufficiently heavy pressure by a powerful pump or in some other way, it will in most cases become a fluid forthwith, and the heat which had been latent in it will be given out. Now this in a general way is what is done to the ammonia in getting it ready to freeze the water. Pure liquid ammonia boils—that is, passes from the liquid into the gaseous state—at a temperature about 240 degs. Fahrenheit lower than water does. Hence ammonia is a substance which at ordinary temperature is a gas. That which we buy at the drug stores as ammonia is simply a solution of the gas in water, and from this, as every one knows, it is readily given off. It is volatile, that is, it tends under ordinary conditions to get into the gaseous form.

Now in ice factories powerful engines are used to force the ammonia gas by pressure into the liquid state, and the heat which is thus set free is carried off by cool water pouring over the coils of stout iron pipe in which it is confined. This fluid ammonia—kept fluid by the pressure to which it is subjected, a pressure varying from 125 to 175 pounds to the square inch—is carried in pipes to coils in the freezing tanks. These tanks are simply great vats filled with brine and covered over with a floor. Into this brine, cans filled with the water to be frozen are placed and carefully covered. These cans are usually between three and four feet deep, about one foot thick and nearly two feet wide. Coils of pipe communicating with the ammonia pipes are immersed in the brine, which is kept in motion by paddle wheels moved by machinery.

The brine acts as a carrier of the heat from the water in its tight metallic cans to the ammonia pipes. Brine is used because it does not as readily freeze as water does and acts as a good conductor or distributor of the heat.

Now, when all is ready, the fluid ammonia under its great pressure is allowed to escape into the coils of pipe which pass about in the brine, and in which the pressure is so much less that the ammonia as it rushes in becomes at once a gas. But to do this it must have heat. It must have it. From the walls of the pipes into which it rushes it seizes it first. These take it from the brine which bathes them until its temperature goes down, down, and it begins to draw through their iron walls upon the heat stock of the water in the cans. And so the mimic but relentless warfare goes on. The ammonia vapor is constantly pumped away from the cold pipes in which it had expanded to be used over again, while fresh liquid ammonia is as constantly forced in from behind.

Some hours pass, and the heat stock in the water is growing scantier and scantier. It can stand it in this way but little longer; it is down well nigh to zero centigrade, and the wild, insatiable vapor raging for heat in the pipes not far off is still sucking it away. The only thing which can be done now to furnish more is for the water to give up its latent heat, and that is to sign its own death warrant as water, for, if one may use such a turn of phrase, without its latent heat water is ice.

The ice layers on all sides slowly thicken, and at last, in about sixty hours, all is solid. The watchful attendant raises with a crane the great beautiful ice block, still in its galvanized iron can, out of its cold bath, and trundles it off to make way for another molecular battle and another victory.—T. Mitchell Prudden in Harper's.

A Picture of the Virgin.

In a church at Capua there is a large painting of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary, in which she is represented in an armchair upholstered with rich crimson velvet ornamented with gold flowers. Near here are seen a cat and a parrot and on a table a silver coffeepot and a cup are displayed.—Detroit Free Press.

Evasive.

George—Did you sell your horse for as much as you paid when you bought him?

John—Well—er—I sold him for as much as he was worth when I bought him.—New York Weekly.

The oldest English crown is the ancient imperial diadem made for Charles II to replace the one worn by Edward the Confessor, which was broken up and sold during the civil war.

Indian tiger hunters are beginning to hunt on foot, having found that the modern rifle admits of their doing away with such accessories as elephants and platforms in trees.

An Enemy of Tobacco.

"Oh, papa, see the pretty humming bird!"

The object at which the child pointed was poised above a big white flower on rapidly agitating wings, robbing the blossom of nectar with its long beak.

"That is not a humming bird, pet," said the gentleman who sat on the porch in the gathering dusk of evening. "It is a hornblower moth. Once upon a time it was a big green caterpillar."

"A caterpillar, papa?"

"Yes, dearie. The insect which looks so like a humming bird, as you say, is an enemy of my own, because it destroys tobacco. Perhaps I would not have had to pay so much for this cigar I am smoking if there were no such moths in existence."

"But the moth does not eat tobacco, papa."

"No, my dear, but it lays eggs that hatch out into caterpillars, and the caterpillars feed on the tobacco leaves. There are plenty of them over in Maryland and Virginia, and the planters have to fight them constantly. The moth deposits its eggs on the leaves and the new born worms eat holes through them, which render them useless for making cigars. When they are full grown they are about three inches long. They are bright green with small red heads and are very fat and unpleasant."

"What becomes of them after they get big?"

"Oh, they keep on eating as long as they are growing, gobbling up whole leaves and plants, and after shedding their skins a few times they burrow into the ground and stay there quite torpid for awhile. Then they come out of the earth in the shape of great moths, such as the one you saw a moment ago. After that they do not care to feed upon tobacco leaves any more, but they live on the juices of flowers, particularly on those of the honeysuckle and a plant called the 'Jamestown weed.' They extract the honey from the blossoms by means of a flexible tongue five or six inches in length. When they are not feeding the tongue is coiled up like a watch spring under the head. Pretty soon they lay their eggs on the tobacco leaves and then die."

"But what do they do to kill them?"

"A favorite way of the planters over in Maryland is to plant the Jamestown weeds in the tobacco fields and put in each flower a little black arsenic or other poison. Then the moths come along, feed on the poisoned honey of the blossoms and die. Men go through the fields also and kill the caterpillars by pinching off their heads. If such measures were not taken the insects would destroy the tobacco crops."—Washington Star.

The Oriole's Dainty Home.

The oriole's is one of the daintiest nests found in California trees. One has been recently built by an æsthetic couple in a magnificent fan palm in private grounds, where great care is taken not to frighten the birds away. This pensile, airy thing is of the pale straw colored fibers of the palm and is a great beauty. Another parent pair have chosen a rolled banana leaf for a resting place. This has been stitched tightly across from side to side (something in ball cover fashion) with palm threads.

The sewing implements must have been dexterously handled, the result is so trig and complete. No more cunning sight can be imagined than the heads of the baby birds peering out from the lance shaped roll of this living nest on the green banana tree.—San Diego Cor. Christian Union.

One Maine Man's Luck.

There are some men whose luck is worth as much as the mammoth and unconditional legacy of your California uncles. A young professional man in Portland, to whom a Virginia relative left an old fashioned desk some years ago, has accidentally discovered a secret drawer in it containing $2,500. A man with luck like that could travel and break Monte Carlo.—Bangor Commercial.

A Rare Specimen.

Something is the matter with the health of the boy who really likes to go to church.—Atchison Globe.

If a husband be jealous, he is duped; if credulous, he is ridiculed; despotic, he is hated; feeble, he is despised; too attentive, he is voted a bore; indifferent, he hurts somebody's feelings, and revenge is sure to follow sooner or later. There is only one chance in his favor, viz., that by good luck or through merit or skill on his part he may come to be worshiped by his wife. In which case let him be as the fit takes him, either pleasant or grumpy, brutal or affectionate, gentlemanly or boorish, fickle or faithful, loving or distant, intelligent or stupid—everything will be set down to him as a virtue.—Daniel Dare.

Queer.

Jack—Here's a lot of interesting and fresh news by cable.

Jerry—Wonderful thing, this electricity! Can bring news through 3,000 miles of salt water and yet have it fresh.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Heavy Shower.

Mother—How did you get so wet? Did you fall overboard?

Little Dick—Dunno. It rained so hard out there I couldn't tell whether I was overboard or not.—Good News.

What Your Great Grandmother Did.

She hetcheled the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fire place and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap.

Her great granddaughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results — you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

Can you ask more?

The Odds Against the Vender.

One of the chief aims in the life of a New York street gamin apparently is to worry Italian fruit venders as much as possible. The swarthy children of sunny Italy are never at peace when the irrepressible street urchin is around. Their bananas, pears, peanuts and figs are regarded as legitimate plunder by the boys. It is the custom of these young rascals to approach an Italian's stand or wagon in groups from different directions. The group that makes the first sally will invariably be chased away by the excitable vender. Then the other groups advance and help themselves to the unprotected stock. An incident occurred in Whitehall street, near the Produce exchange, the other day, which demonstrated how little chance the poor Italian street peddler has in a struggle with his tormenters. A good sized boy had stolen half a dozen bananas from a stand guarded by a single Italian. The latter ran after the thief and caught him, but not before the boy had tossed the bunch of fruit to a confederate.

The Italian held firmly to his prisoner and jabbered something about a "p'liceman." He evidently wanted the thief arrested. The boy pulled, wriggled and fought, frequently striking his captor in the face. Other boys ran up at intervals and struck and kicked the Italian. A large crowd quickly gathered, and popular feeling was against the Italian from the start. A dozen men pressed forward and commanded the fruit vender to release the boy. A passing teamster leaned over the edge of his seat and shouted, "Break de dago in two." The situation became too threatening for the Italian, who, seeing no sign of a police officer, reluctantly released his prisoner and humbly went back to his stand, which in the meantime had been almost completely despoiled of its contents.—New York Times.

One Poisonous Snake in Michigan.

In Michigan there is but a single species of poisonous snake among the twenty-five or more kinds that I know. The dangerous one is the common massasauga, or prairie rattlesnake (Caudisona tergemina). Many times have I been called upon to declare on a specimen supposed to be poisonous, but always have found that the so called copperhead or mocasain resolved itself into an innocuous water snake or milk snake. I do not think there exists another poisonous species in Michigan besides the common massasauga, although the northern or banded rattlesnake (Crotalus durissus) is found within fifty miles of our southern boundary in Indiana, and may, for aught I know, occasionally be found within our confines. It is common in Pennsylvania and Illinois.

The common massasauga is far from rare at present in southern Michigan, and in the early days of Kalamazoo county was very abundant. To believe the stories of the early settlers, a low meadow could not be mowed without encountering from ten to a hundred of these poisonous serpents. They grew to an enormous size at that, few being killed less than four feet long, and a length of five or six feet was common, while the smallest number of rattles adorning a tail of this monster (?) species was sixteen and from that up to forty odd.—Dr. Morris Gibbs in Forest and Stream.

A Rat's Teeth.

The rat is remarkably well equipped for the peculiar life he is ordained to lead. He has strong weapons in the shape of four long and very sharp teeth—two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. These teeth are wedge shaped, and by a wonderful provision of nature have always a fine, sharp cutting edge. On examining them carefully the inner part is found to be of a soft, ivorylike composition, which can easily be worn away, and the outside is composed of a glasslike enamel, which is exceedingly hard.

The upper teeth work into the under so that the centers of the opposed teeth meet perfectly in the act of gnawing; hence the soft part is being continually worn away, while the hard part keeps a hard, chisellike edge all the time, and at the same time the teeth are constantly growing up from the bottom, so that as they wear away a fresh supply is ready. Should one of these teeth be removed by accident or otherwise the opposing tooth will continue to grow, and there being nothing to wear it away it will project from the mouth and be turned upon itself, and if it be an under tooth it will often grow so long as to penetrate the skull.—Rochester Union-Advertiser.

His Shape Is His Fortune.

If ever there was a man who could be said to travel on his shape it is "Big John," of the Equitable building, the great big handsome colored gentleman who for so many years has been the frontispiece and figurehead of that costly pile of masonry.

Big John was discovered, mined, unearthed in the wilds of Washington. The late Henry B. Hyde caught sight of him at Lincoln's funeral. John filled his eye so completely that he was scarcely able to see the rest of the procession.

"I must have that man," said Mr. Hyde. "He is too big a man for Washington."

It did not take long to find that John was on the Capitol police or to approach him. John was not overanxious to effect a change of base, but the offer of 50 per cent advance upon his policeman's salary settled the question, and since that time the seven footer (or less) has ornamented the front row of the Equitable building.

It sometimes pays to have a cubit added to your stature.—New York Herald.

Johnny's Discovery.

Johnny could not talk very distinctly; his "s" was usually an "h," so he had a dialect of his own. With a hungry sweet tooth peculiar to little people, he sometimes forgot his mother's injunction not to meddle with the sugar bowl. Finding himself alone in the dining room one day, the temptation to help himself to the forbidden sweet overcame him.

He was having a beautiful time when his mother unexpectedly entered the room. Hastily wiping the crumbs of sugar from his mouth, he cried out, with the air of one who had just made a discovery, "Oh, mamma, homebody's been to your hugar bowl!"—New York Tribune.

An Accommodating Undertaker.

This is a cheerful old world. An Owensboro undertaker advertises that "he will be glad to embalm some corpse free of charge to convince the people that he can give satisfaction." There are several people down there who would be improved by embalming, and it is hoped that the undertaker in question may not be long deterred from exhibiting a specimen of his "before and after taking" work.—Frankfort (Ky.) Capital.

One Way Out of It.

Travers—Can you have this hat charged to me?

Hatter—All our business is done on a cash basis, sir.

Travers—Then lend me five dollars.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Bridges in St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg is built on a peninsula and two islands, connected by several large stone bridges and in summer by numerous bridges of boats, which, however, are removed at the first frost.—Boston Globe.

The bites and stings of insects may be at once relieved and inflammation prevented if the parts are touched with strong liquid ammonia.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Remarkable Race of People.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race of human beings called the Kubus. They are the most timid and bashful people in the world, being too shy to mingle with the other races of the island. They dwell in the darkest recesses of the mountain forests and have seldom been seen by white men. One has never been known to willingly face a stranger. This being the case their trade with the Malayans is carried on in a very strange way. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The shy Kubus then approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat the trader's gong and retreat. The trader then returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient to pay the purchase price of the goods on sale.

He then disappears for a second time—this to give the Kubus a chance to return and consider the bargain. After many withdrawals, approaches, gong beating, etc., an understanding is arrived at and each party carries away his bargain. This remarkable race know nothing of a supreme being, heaven, hell or evil demons. They have no system of marriage and never bury their dead. They live on snakes, ants, bugs, grubs, etc.—St. Louis Republic.

Putting on Airs.

Some one has said that one-half the misery of life at least, if not more, comes to people from not being able to make both ends meet, and yet how unnecessary is the nervous strain and worry of mind which arise from the senseless attempt to keep in the midst of fashionable people—to keep up appearances which are beyond one's income! If it does happen, as it sometimes will, with gratification to both sides, that bright people with small means are thrown in the way of wealthy acquaintances, always let it be with frankness and with open acceptation of the fact.

Putting on airs is detrimental to self respect. Much better to say at once, "We cannot afford it," never apologizing for the smallness of the house or the lack of domestics, never pretending to be other than you are. In this way and this only can housewives who do much of their own work in unpretentious homes find intercourse with their wealthy neighbors agreeable.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mixed His Speech.

"Maria," called Mr. Jones, "what has become of the mown lawer?"

"What?" screamed Mrs. Jones.

"I mean the lown mawer," corrected Jones in a high key.

"Jeptha," said Mrs. Jones sternly, "you have been drinking."

"I have not," asserted Mr. Jones; "can't you answer a civil question? Who has borrowed our lower mawn?"

Mrs. Jones came down stairs and looked the excited man over. Then she said gently:

"Jeptha if you can't say it, sing it—you'll get it right in that way."

But Jones said he hadn't any voice for singing just then.—Detroit Free Press.

An Odd French Custom.

One of the very oddest customs in French cemeteries is the existence of a card receiver in the majority of the mortuary chapels. Therein the friends of the family who pass before the tomb of a defunct acquaintance deposit a pasteboard, that the survivors may know which of the members of their sex has paused to do homage to the dead. It is certainly a very civil idea, but how extremely taken back would be the courteous callers if their late friend were to follow the example of the statue in "Don Giovanni" and return the call in person.—Paris Letter.

The Only Time He Drinks.

Colonel Yerger got Sam Johnsing to hold his horse.

"I expect you are pretty thirsty, ain't you, Sam?" asked the colonel when he came out wiping his mouth.

"Dat all depends on you, boss. Hit's for yer ter say. I nebber am much thirsty at my own expense."—Texas Siftings.

Value of Land for Sustaining Life.

Twenty-two acres of land is needed to sustain a man on flesh meat, while the same amount of land under wheat feeds forty-two people, under oats eighty-eight people, under potatoes, Indian corn and rice 176 people and under the plantain or bread fruit tree over 6,000 people.—Chicago Herald.

About Nothing.

Mamma—What in the world are you two quarreling about?

Little Dick—Nothing.

"Nothing, eh?"

"Yes'm. Dot left her box of candy here, an when she came back there was nothing in it."—Good News.

The First Handkerchief.

The first handkerchiefs on the British islands were made in Paisley, Scotland, 1743; were made popular on the continent by the Empress Josephine, who had bad teeth and held her handkerchief before her mouth when she laughed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

BEHIND TIME.

The Great Mistake Hornady Made in Naming the Train He Wanted.

"Talking of slow trains," said Hornady, fanning vigorously, "it used to take Louisiana to run slow. I was in a little country town there a few years ago and wanted to get to New Orleans mighty bad. 'How soon will the train for New Orleans be in?' asked I of the station agent, who was splitting rails on the platform.

"'Which train do you want to take?' says he, with a drawl like a funeral procession.

"'Well,' said I, 'I thought I would take the noon express.'

"'Today's noon express?' asked he languidly.

"'Yes, of course,' said I with a snap. 'Is it in yet?'

"'Oh, Lor, no,' said he.

"'Well, then,' said I, 'I'm tired and sleepy, being up two nights. Will you call me in time for my train if I go inside and snooze a little while?'

"'Certainly,' says he. 'There's plenty of time!'

"So I went inside and fell into a doze, while he went on splitting rails. After awhile a noise woke me up, and just as I scooted out onto the platform a passenger train pulled out of sight around the New Orleans curve.

"'Here,' said I, 'why didn't you call me?' 'That wasn't your train,' said he coolly, and went on splitting rails.

"I apologized and went back to sleep again. A little after there came another racket outside. I hurried out. A passenger train was just starting away. 'What train is this?' I yelled to the conductor. 'The New Orleans express,' says he. I made a wild dash for the platform.

"'Hold on there,' whooped the station agent, 'that ain't your train.'

"'Ain't my train?' I asked, astonished. 'I'd like to know why it ain't my train. It's going to New Orleans and the conductor says it's the express. It's my train.'

"'Well, I tell you it ain't,' says he positively.

"'Why ain't it?' demanded I.

"'Didn't you say you wanted to take this noon's express?' asks he.

"'Yes, sir,' said I angrily.

"'Well, ain't today Wednesday?' asks he.

"'It is,' said I. 'But ——'

"'Well, then, stranger,' says the station agent softly, 'you can just trot inside and go to sleep again.'

"'But I want to go to New Orleans,' objected I.

"'That's what I heard you say,' says he. 'You want to take today, Wednesday, noon's express, and I reckon I will call you all right.'

"'But what about those two trains that have just gone through,' I said, puzzled.

"'Oh, them ain't your trains. Them were yesterday and day before yesterday's trains.'

"'Yesterday and the day before yesterday's trains!' I exclaimed. 'What the nation do you mean, man?'

"'Well, you see, stranger,' said he with his drawl, 'the trains on this road are a little slow. That first train that passed was Monday evening's accommodation, and this last one was Tuesday morning's cannon ball.'

"'Well,' yelled I, grabbing a telegraph pole for support, 'then in the name of heaven when does my train come along?'

"'Hum-m-m' says he, picking up a scrap of paper and figuring a little with a stump of pencil, 'I reckon today's noon express will get in here about Friday evening if there ain't no accidents.'"—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

What Is Done with Rabbit Skins.

What use is made of rabbit skins? Why, the hat on your head is made of them. The hair is plucked off the pelt by hand. A fortune awaits the man who can invent a machine to do it. A fine blue fur is then left on the pelt. The skin is then pared away from the fur by delicate machinery, machinery so fine that when the last paring is cut off the fur sometimes hangs in one filmy section. This is worked up into felt. Ordinary hats are made from rabbit skin. A better class is made from hare skin. The best are made from the nutria, a kind of water rat trapped in Buenos Ayres, and then come beaver and musquash, obtained in the United States and Canada.

The cowboy wants the best hat in the world, and as he pays for it he gets it. The nutria felt stands wet and remains stiff brimmed after soaking, because it is made from the fur of a water animal. The American jackrabbit is of no use at all to the trade. The English rabbit supplies the best fur, like silk, but of course not waterproof. Then comes the New Zealand rabbit, followed by the Australian.—Interview in San Francisco Chronicle.

An Angel Fish a Cannibal.

A novelty at the zoological gardens is a specimen of the "angel fish," which has been placed in a tank along with a number of flounders. The habits of the fish suggest that it is an angel remarkably well disguised, for it is one of the most ferocious and bloodthirsty fishes extant. Small though the specimen at the zoo is, it is quite possible that the tank where it lives may be the scene of a tragedy, for flounders and flat fish of various kinds are precisely the diet which this creature prefers. The fish has also received, for an equally inscrutable reason, the name of "monk fish." The best name of the many which it enjoys is a shark ray. The creature is intermediate in its form between the flattened rays and the sharks.—London News.

Disappointed.

A party were driving one evening on a country road when they became aware, on approaching a house, that a cornet player was practicing. They stopped the horses, and for some time listened, in hope of hearing something more musical than the single stray notes, evidently given with great vigor, which reached them. When, after a time, they decided to proceed, one of the party said regretfully, "I expected any moment to hear him burst into a beautiful piece," which brought the rejoinder from another, "Or to burst into beautiful pieces."—Harper's Bazar.

The Production of Oil.

Only 2,000 barrels of oil were produced in 1859; in 1860, 500,000 barrels; in 1861, 2,000,000 barrels; in 1862, 3,000,000, and now over 30,000,000 barrels are produced annually along the foothills of the Alleghany mountains, without including the Ohio and Lima fields, Colorado or California. It is estimated that the total production of petroleum in this country has been 500,000,000 barrels and the value of the oil exported $1,100,000,000. Oil is third on our export list.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

THE LISTENING WOODS.

I went to the leafy forest;
Not a leaf, not a flower was stirred;
Still, in its nook, was the dreaming brook,
Still was the nesting bird.

I looked at the shadowed mosses,
I looked at the nests o'erhead,
I looked at the small brook dreaming
Alone in its sandy bed.

I listened long in the stillness;
I listened and looked in vain;
It seemed that the silent forest
Never would wake again.

At last, like a gentle breathing,
A wind of the southland blew,
And it whispered, "The folk of the forest
Are listening, child, like you!"
—Ida Bonham in Youth's Companion.

Taking the Huff.

In the matter of taking the huff there is absolutely no rule. One man will be indifferent to or even a little pleased with treatment which would give to another—apparently very much like the first—the most deadly offense; and, to make the matter still more complicated, there is no reason why—through sins of the liver, or by the adverse movement of stocks in the city, or from the prick of some one or other of the countless thorns which fringe the daily path even of those who walk most securely—the same demeanor toward some influential friend which pleased him on Saturday may not affront him on Monday.

And those forces which are ultimately destined to prove too much for us may be unconsciously set in motion as we babble innocently our commonplaces under the impression that we are making ourselves very agreeable. If you do a man an important service, or tread on his toes figuratively or in the flesh, or rob him of his sweetheart, or correct his facts in company you may naturally expect that things will "go agin" you hereafter if ever he should have it in his power to control their course, but you may fare just as ill from some trifling sin of omission or commission over which conscience raises no alarm. Our old friend the sword of Damocles hangs permanently over our heads.—All the Year Round.

Trees Too Big to Handle.

The tideland spruce (Picea sitchensis), found only in close proximity to the Pacific ocean, is a tree of noble growth and can often be found measuring fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. The noblest tree of all, because the most generally valuable, is the Douglas fir (Pseudotsoga Douglasii). It grows with a straight stem to an average height of over 200 and perhaps 250 feet, and even, as stated before, sometimes attaining a height of 650 feet. A tree of this kind measuring eighteen feet in diameter where cut from the stump and cut into 24-foot logs, of which there would be twenty good ones, would contain over 200,000 feet of lumber (board measure) if it could be brought to market, which would weigh over 350 tons. This size is not merchantable now because of the difficulty of handling it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Napoleon of Strategy.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Philadelphia paper: "A gentleman with phenomenal conception of strategy, profound knowledge of human nature, wide experience, strictly responsible, unparalleled success, with other qualifications necessary to accomplish any lawful undertaking possible for human genius to achieve, designs, plots, formulates and carries into successful operation legitimate schemes of business, political, matrimonial or social nature; pulls the rockiest cases out of the fire, straightens out difficulties, troubles, etc.; secrecy and dispatch guaranteed; correspondence solicited. Address Colonel ——, ——, Texas."—Boston Journal.

Good Ground for Refusal.

"Upon what is your claim for total disability based?" said the accident insurance man to the policy holder.

"Sure Oi wuz waitress for a family on Tinth sthrate. Oi fell up sthairs on Sathurday and bruk sivin chiney plates and a pitcher and they bounced me."

"Well?"

"Oi've not been able to do any worruk since bekase no wan will give it me."—Harper's Bazar.

How It Seemed to Uncle Peter.

"Why don't you get married, Uncle Peter?" asked an acquaintance of a bachelor negro.

"Why, bress yer, I'ze got an old mudder an I has to do fo' her, sah, an if I don't buy her shoes an stockins she don't git none. Now, if I was ter git married I'd hab to buy 'em fo' my wife, an dat'd be takin de shoes an stockins right out o' my mudder's mouf."—Golden Rule.

The Potato Bug Gets There.

It is still unsolved—the mystery of where the potato bugs come from. It has only been deepened by the discovery of an Aroostook man who went way back into the depths of the virgin forest, "thirty miles from nowhere," cleared a little patch of ground and planted a few hills of potatoes, to find the tops covered with bugs as soon as they got above ground.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

How to Wear the Scarfpin.

In all scarfings the scarfpin must be placed so that when seen through the waistcoat opening it will appear in the center of that space. To be placed too high in the scarf or too low or on one side would destroy the conformity.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Care of Patent Leather.

Never put on or handle a patent leather shoe without first warming it—that is of course if the weather is cold. After they are once warmed and made pliable they can be worn out in the cold with impunity.—Detroit Free Press.

A physiological writer asserts that up to twenty a youth needs nine hours' sleep and an adult should have eight or nine. The neglect of this rule results in exhaustion, excitability and physical and intellectual disorders.

Snakes cannot and do not strike from a coil, and though a portion of the body remains coiled, that portion thrown forward from a central point must certainly be free from the coil.

The first monument ever erected to the memory of the Union soldiers who fell in the civil war is that in the cemetery on Somerville avenue, in Somerville, Mass.

One is almost startled, even in these days of rapid progress in all departments of science, to note the seemingly impossible feats of surgical skill.

The magnifying lens is believed to have been known to the ancients, but in modern times was brought into use by Roger Bacon in 1262.

Self Defense.

"Have you a book called 'Pansy Poems?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Gimme all you have."

"Certainly, sir. You must have a great admiration for the book."

"No, I haven't. It was written by my son, and I'm protecting the family name."—Harper's Bazar.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1892.

Republican Nominations.

NATIONAL.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana.

For Vice-President,
WHITELAW REID, of New York.

STATE.

Judge of the Supreme Court,
JOHN DEAN, Blair County.

Congressmen-at-Large,
WILLIAM LILLY, Carbon County.
ALEXANDER McDOWELL, Mercer County.

LIVING ISSUES PARAMOUNT.

The desperate efforts that certain Democratic papers are making to place the tariff question in the background, and to exalt into special prominence a dead issue, do not seem likely to bear the fruit so eagerly desired. It is a perversion of common sense to try to make people believe that the Republican demand for an honest ballot and a fair count is tantamount to the enactment of a "force bill." The plainest among the plain people know better. Reason has not left them. Rational instincts have not deserted their brains. They possess understanding and the power to exercise it freely and clearly. Not even the most wily and unscrupulous political quacks can suppress their intelligence or transform their minds into a condition of imbecility.

People in general, especially practical people whose chief business it is to make a living for themselves and their families, care more about tangible facts than the notional phantoms of dream-land. They are sensible enough to give active heed to the things that most nearly concern them. They know that the tariff is a living reality. It effects them in more ways than one, and always to the advantage of their wages. The protection of wages is of more consequence to the toilers of the land than any number of force-bill appropriations. They will not play the fool at the ballot-box by voting for something that is imaginary, a thing that is dead, but they will aim to keep alive that which is of vital consequence to their immediate welfare. People who draw their sustenance from the manifold fountains of industry, do not propose to be beguiled by some shadowy will o' the wisp, fabricated by the cunning arts of the demagogue; but they will keep their eyes steadily fixed on a real danger, and vote to thwart a mischievous policy which aims a deadly blow at their own prosperity. They know the difference between American wages under protection, and the wages that prevail under the shadow of British free trade. They propose to cast their votes for their own good, for their country's good, and for those material interests which are closely bound up with the mainspring of the Nation's welfare. Compared with their own personal and paramount advantage, of what consequence to them would be the ghostly spectres of a hundred "Force Bills?" How would these concern them? They know how protection affects them. They perceive the relation of their daily wages to the system which favors their industry, and they have a very clear conception of what free trade would do for them, and they want none of that. The Democratic policy that seeks to overthrow protection, is far more potential in arresting the attention and rousing the anxiety of the workingman, than all the senseless palaver about force bills, or any other irrevelant species of absurdity within the pale of vicious invention. That which is alive with quivering vitality, cannot be subordinated by that which liveth not, and those things that are absolutely important cannot be kept from the front by all the desperate efforts that may be made by blatant demagogues "to create a soul under the ribs of death."

ACCORDING to the Democratic philosophy protection is "a fraud." According to the same unstable authority in 1864 the war for the Union was a failure. Now the Democrats want to make peace with British free-traders; then the Democrats wanted to make peace with armed traitors. Then the masses were for the protection of the American industries. Down with the "fraud" yellers! Up with the banner of patriotism and protection!

MR. J. H. ROGERS, Chairman of the Tin Plate Makers' Association in Wales, who has recently been in this country, was asked on his return to England what he thought would be the effect of Mr. Cleveland's policy if he were elected President. Here is his answer: "I think the result would be that the duties would be gradually lowered, and that wages would consequently fall. The working classes would, of course, not be willing to remain without work, and manufacturers would have to reduce wages to enable them to compete successfully with other countries. Wages in America are at present about double what they are here, but if America adopted Free Trade they would probably be reduced by one-half, and become equal to the wages paid here. The question of Free Trade or Protection in America is, therefore, of far more importance to the working class of America than it is to any class in this country. In America the working class earn high wages at present, and the cost of living out there is so little more than it is here that they have much greater comfort and are able to save more rapidly."—(Reported in The London Iron and Steel Trades Journal, July 16, 1892.

Englishmen in Texas.

The manner in which visiting Englishmen are robbed in the west, and the quickness with which some of them take the lesson to heart and practice it upon the next English man who comes out, or borrow from the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a book-ful of pitiful stories. And yet one cannot help smiling at the wickedness of some of these schemes. Three Englishmen, for example, bought, as they supposed, 30,000 Texas steers; but the Texans who pretended to sell them to cattle drove the same 3,000 head ten times around the mountain, as a dozen supers circle round the back drop of a stage to make an army, and the Englishmen counted and paid for each steer ten times over.

There was another Texan who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young men how to become cowboys, and who charged them ten dollars a month tuition fee, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for fenceposts all over the ranch until they grew wise in their generation and left him for some other ranch, where they were paid thirty dollars per month for doing the same thing. But in many instances it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money.

One gentleman, who for some time represented the Isle of Wight in the lower house, spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling houses, and then married his cook, which proved a most admirable speculation, as she had a frugal mind and took entire control of his little income.—Richard H. Davis in Harper's Weekly.

An Acrobatic Feat on Shipboard.

I heard a story the other day about a pet monkey which Commander Robley D. Evans, "Fighting Bob," has with him on board ship. On his cruise to the coast of Africa Commander Evans was accompanied by his brother-in-law, to whom Ginny, the monkey, took such a fancy that she slept every night in his hammock. The little animal's pranks made her the pet of the whole crew, so that when at one of the ports the commander was presented with a Demerara pig the keenest jealousy set in.

As soon as the pig grew accustomed to its new surroundings the commander had him brought on deck and given free range for the monkey's benefit. For awhile Ginny sat still and scowled, and then began to chatter. Another second, and as the pig lunged over in her direction she gave a jump, landing on her rival's back, while the pig chased hither and yon, squealing loudly, to the amusement of the officers. This bit of circus was repeated for several days, until the Demerara member of the show learned that by steering suddenly for the gun carriages he could rid himself of his bareback rider, who tumbled to the deck minus sundry locks of hair.

Ginny took in the situation and proved herself mistress of it by giving a spring every time the pig made a break for the cannon. Calculating to a nicety the length of time the pig would be under the carriages, Ginny would make a flying leap and land upon his back the moment he emerged.—Kate Field's Washington.

Adjectives.

Adjectives are the trouble. They have so decreased in intensity from overusage that it takes an adjective ten times the power now to express the meaning desired. Rapturous and blissful mean about as much as "very nice" and "extremely enjoyable" used to do. But I shall never sound a dirge for "enjoyable." It is one of the worst and weakest of qualifiers and ought never to be heard. It is a misnomer, too, for when you say an evening was enjoyable you mean that it was enjoyed. "Pleasant" is weak, too, and so is "warm" as applied to weather. The sun is hot when it shines in summer, and "warm weather," like "warm water," is emetical in its very sound. Strong Saxon words of every description are best, and vigorous adjectives are especially so.

Vigorous, however, does not mean overdone or anticlimatical. The adjective "elegant," misapplied, appears to have had its day and gone out in the inelegant circles in which it did such hard service. Everything which met with approbation, from a sunset to a plate of soup, was "elegant" to a certain class. In England Americans are credited with "real elegant," which, I am happy to say, I have never had the pain of hearing. "Real nice" and "real pleasant" are still heard in the rural districts, but the city intensives have crept in with the railways and displaced the old timers somewhat.—Chicago Post.

Going to Tell His King.

Who knows what may come of the terrible threat made by a Greek gentleman—who has Agamemnon, Achilles and the whole of the 300 of Thermopylæ among his ancestors—at the North London police court? His landlady regarded him as rather a nuisance, and wished to get rid of him, but he declined to go. The housewife's brother then tackled the lodger, and in the Homeric words of the Greek gave him "bump, bump, bump in the back." The magistrate asked him why he did not leave when the landlady wished his room instead of his company, and the Greek's answer was that he did not want to. He was now, however, determined to make an international question of it, and was resolved to go back to Greece, partly because he could not make a living here, but principally to see that the insult inflicted upon his back is avenged. "And," shouted he as he left the court, "I will tell the king of Greece of the treatment I have received!" What will happen then nobody foresees. In the meantime the person who has most reason to be satisfied is the landlady.—London Telegraph.

A Beetle That Makes a "Ticking" Noise.

The deathwatch beetle has the invariable habit of feigning death when seized or disturbed. The simulation is so persistent that when immersed in water, or even in alcohol, the insect remains perfectly immovable, and will allow itself to be burned alive rather than betray itself.

The larva of the insect lives in woodwork (framework, old furniture, etc.), which it gnaws in the interior without anything outside betraying its presence. A few weeks after it has been transformed to the crysalis state the perfect insect comes forth and makes its exit from the wood by boring a cylindrical hole in it, which thereafter shows that the wood has been attacked and is often mutilated to such a degree that it is virtually destroyed.

A smaller species of the same genus works equal havoc not only with wood, but with books, herbia, natural history collections, cork, dry bread, crackers, etc. —Detroit Free Press.

"JEDGE" WILLET'S VISITOR.

Why a New Hampshire Town Is Not Troubled with Peddlers.

Bascomb Flagg, familiarly known as "Bask," was the postmaster in a small town of northern New Hampshire, and having lived in one place and held one office for over thirty years he knew by heart most of the town history and the life of its individual inhabitants, and was ready to reel off anecdotes on slight provocation. "Is the tramp law strictly enforced here?" inquired a stranger who had been stopping at the inn for a few days, and lingering for a little chat with "Bask" after the morning mail was distributed.

"I'll tell yo a leetle somethin bearin on thet p'int of ye want I should," said Mr. Flagg, settling himself in an easy, unofficial attitude on the broken backed chair which he commonly occupied in times of relaxation.

"Just what I hoped you'd do," replied the other, seating himself comfortably on a three legged stool, known as the "visitin seat."

"We ain't had a tramp inside the limits o' this taownship for above six years," began the postmaster impressively. And he added after a slight pause: "The last one was a feller thet's known amongst everybody in this region es 'Jedge Willet's visitor.' Ye see, it come abaout this way:

"Ther was this man come ter the Centre Village one day, and hedn't s' much es a box o' stove polish on him ter signify thet he hed any reg'ler callin. He was a turrible ongainly, cur'us appearin chap, too, an his clothes, what ther was of 'em, was considdubly the worse fer wear. But he did cuttinly not look ter be hungry. I suspicioned thet he'd hed a squar' meal over't the Widder Sparkins', in th' East Village.

"Well, 'twas a kind of a coolish day, 'long in the fore part of September, an I kep' the man engaged in conversin while my son Abe he stepped over ter the jedge's an fetched him over here. An as the feller couldn't give no 'cnount of himself thet was what ye might call anyways likely, an seemed inclined ter be kind of ugly an fisty, an 'twas gettin toward night, and he warn't seemingly inclined ter move on, why Abe an the jedge they jest clapped him inter the lockup.

"Well, naow, ye see," said Mr. Flagg, with an appreciative chuckle, "the jedge was a mastor hand ter fergit, an the nex' mornin, bright an early, he'd planned an laid aout to take his fam'ly ter Spotville ter spend the day with his brother's folk; an they went, and the jedge took the lockup key in his pocket an never give a thought ter thet tramp.

"'Twas a fair day es ever was, an the Willetses come home by moon, singin es lively an pleasant es could be. But es the jedge was gettin aout o' the kerridge he see my Abe loiterin along on th' other side o' the road, an then he minded 'baout thet tramp. He was a kindly man then, es naow, an always lib'ral; an he jest throwed them reins at Nathan Gibson—he was hired out ter the jedge thet year—an tore es once aroun, Abe runnin alongside, es ye may say.

"It was in a kind of an aout-o'-the-way spot, quite a piece up thet lonesome mill road, and when they come near they could hear thet man groanin. Abe said, like ev'rythin. Well, they unlocked the door, an the jedge sent Abe back ter the haouse ter tell Nathan ter fetch the hosses over, an they kind o' half h'isted thet man inter the kerridge, an driv him straight to the jedge's. An the jedge, he hed him right inter the dinin room, an fed him up, an lodged him in a good spare room over night, an give him a good breakfast an a dollar in the mornin, an sent him off.

"The man 'llaowed he hed a leetle mudgin of a dinner et the Widder Sparkins' thet fust day, 'baout 11 in the mornin, but he seemed all wilted daown an peaked. An howsomever he managed ter spread th' word nobody knows," concluded Mr. Flagg meditatively, "but th' fact remains thet we ain't hed a tramp sence thet day.

"One afternoon ther was a kind of a peddler come in—two years or so back—but he asked, casual-like, of Jedge Willet lived here, an when I told him 'yes,' he said he must be pushin on ter the Corner, fer it looked like rain, an he was gone 'fore I hed time ter ask him any questions."—Youth's Companion.

The Prehensile Foot of East Indians.

The traveler who walks in the native quarters of the cities of India can easily study there all industries in their beginnings, as they were probably practiced in Europe in the Middle Ages. The shops are usually open and the workmen can be seen inside. Textile industries, pottery, shoemaking, joinering, armoring, jewelry, confectioners—all can be observed in a single street like Chitpore street, Calcutta.

If we take pains to examine attentively the methods of working, we shall be struck by the enormous function played by the lower limb. Whatever the industries, the Indian, squatting or sitting on the ground, works with his feet as well as with hands, and it might be said that all four of his limbs are in constant exercise. The joiner, for example, has no assistant to hold his plank, but makes his great toe serve that purpose.

The shoemaker does not employ a fixed clamp for the shoe on which he is sewing, but holds it in his feet, which change position to suit his convenience, while his nimble hands do the sewing. The metal worker holds the joint of his shears on his feet in cutting copper.—F. Regnault in Popular Science Monthly.

Cat Legends and Superstitions.

In Arabian legends the cat is traced back as far as Noah and the ark. It is one of the animals that came off the ark, but did not go on. When the other creatures entered for safety during the time when "the doors of heaven were to be opened and the fountains of the deep turned loose," there was no cat among them. Puss' origin is accounted for in this way:

During the time the ark was floating about over the tall mountains, mice and rats became an intolerable nuisance to the people on the great vessel, and they complained to Noah that everything was being literally devoured by the pesky vermin. That august personage forthwith called the male lion to his side and began to stroke his back, whereupon the great beast sneezed and, lo! a full sized cat was blown from his nostrils!—St. Louis Republic.

Furnishing Dust.

Walter's mother was busy cleaning house, and undeniably the little fellow was very much in the way. To get him out from "under foot," and at the same time make him feel that he was of some use, his mother suggested that he take a little switch and whip the carpet that hung out on the line. He caught at the idea and for a minute or two was very much occupied. Then he came running in and said, "Oh, mamma! I got lots of dust out of that carpet, and it went right up to heaven for God to make some more little boys out of it!"—New York Tribune.

A KNOWING CAT.

Tessie Wouldn't Allow Herself to Be Given Away and Always Came Back.

That the old saying, "Faithful as a dog," is a slur on the cat kingdom is well proved by a little incident which Wallace B. Miller, of Lyon street, relates of a tiger cat. The tabby in question was raised by Mr. Miller's family, and is about 4 years old. It has always been called Tessie and is a great pet. Tessie has for the past two or three years been in the habit of waiting on the street for Mr. Miller to come home to his meals. She will go two or three blocks to meet him, and on his approach bound out from a fence as tickled as though she had killed a dozen rats. She always follows her master home or rides back on his shoulder, and stays by his side while he eats his meal. Then she will see him off again and return home.

Tessie is also very fond of the other members of the family. When Mrs. Miller and her daughter are away from home Tessie becomes lonesome, and generally sets up such a crying that she is a nuisance to the neighborhood. For this reason Mr. Miller decided to get rid of her. He is the freight agent of the Starin Transportation company, and gave her to one of the teamsters at the dock. The man took her away over on the hill and kept her shut up for several days. After he thought Tessie had become accustomed to her new quarters he gave her a little liberty, and that evening she walked into Mr. Miller's office on the wharf. Tessie was delighted to find her old master again, and never lost sight of him, and when he went home followed after.

A short time ago Mrs. Miller and her daughter were again going away, and another attempt was made to dispose of Tessie. This time Mr. Miller gave her to a captain of one of the steamboats. Tessie was put in a closed basket and taken to New York. There she was allowed to wander about the freighthouse. Nothing was heard of her by Mr. Miller for a day or so. She had been taken to New York on the Monday night boat.

On the following Friday morning Mrs. Miller looked out in the yard back of their house and saw Tessie sitting there washing her face and getting ready apparently for her reception home. Mrs. Miller let the faithful little animal in, and the latter almost went wild with joy. When Mr. Miller came home she was just as glad to see him, and the latter made up his mind that Tessie had come to his house to stay.

Tessie is an unusually pretty tiger cat, and one that would anywhere attract the attention of cat lovers. She can do nearly all the tricks of a dog, and is just as faithful to her master as the best of St. Bernards.—New Haven Register.

Turkish Couriers.

The ancient Turkish couriers always ran with bare feet, which grew so hard and destitute of feeling that they are said to have had themselves shod, like horses, with light iron shoes. To render the resemblance more complete, they carried in their mouths balls of silver pierced with holes, and champed these as a horse does his bit. Further, their belts and garters were furnished with little bells, which tinkled wherever they went.

Besides their pay they received two full suits of clothes every year. Their costume consisted of an Albanian cassock of damask or striped satin and a belt of silk enriched with gold, in which they carried their poniard. Later they began to wear coverings upon their feet—long stockings as well as a rude kind of shoe. Upon their heads they wore high bonnets covered with silver, from which waved enormous plumes of ostrich feathers. In one hand each man carried his hatchet and in the other a bag full of comfits, with which they kept their mouths moist while running.

In this costume they accompanied their noble master and conveyed his messages as far as he pleased to send them. As soon as they had received his orders away they went, leaping and capering among the crowd with the agility of a deer, crying, "Sauli, sauli!" ("Take care, take care!") On they rushed, night and day, with astonishing swiftness, taking no repose until they had delivered the message intrusted to them.—Harper's Young People.

Will it be Peace or War?

They are at it yet, hammer and tongs; so say the Fidelity Wall Paper Co. of 12 N. 11th St., Phila. While it lasts they will be in position to give the public a chance to buy cheap. Their embossed papers are "world beaters." Send four two cent stamps for samples.

Wanamaker.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, August 22, 1892.

Closed Saturdays at 1 P. M.

We have taken a baker's dozen sorts of Fall Dress Goods in dark styles and snipped the prices third or half or even two-thirds.

No reason in the stuffs themselves for this; they are staple goods just in the unobtrusive styles that are good from season to season. But there'll soon be new things crowding in. This is to help make room for them.

50-inch Broken Plaid Cheviots in 5 colorings at 37½c. Made to sell at 75c.
36-inch Plaids in 12 colorings at 37½c. Made to sell at 50c.
36-inch imported Cashmere Plaids in 18 styles at 50c. Made to sell at 75c.
38-inch imported Cashmere Plaids in 24 styles at 75c. Made to sell at $1.
42-inch Cheviot Plaids in fancy checks and tartans at 75c. Made to sell at $1.25.
40-inch Silk-and-wool Plaids in 8 styles at $1. Made to sell at $1.25.
36-inch Figured Chevrons in 12 styles at 37½c. Made to sell at 60c.
36-inch Figured Camel's-Hair in 24 styles at 50c. Made to sell at 75c.
60-inch Striped Cheviots in browns and grays at 50c. Made to sell at 75c.
40-inch Melange Diagonals in browns and grays at 75c. Made to sell at $1.
50-inch Embroidered Serges in 14 styles at $1. Made to sell at $1.50.
42-inch Armure Chevrons in 13 shades at $1. Made to sell at $1.50.
42-inch Camel's-Hair Chevron at $1.25. Made to sell at $1.75.

At the best we can only point to here and there an item in the great Linen stock. You must take the others for granted—always bearing in mind that Linen here never means anything but pure flax; that all our Linens are bought at first hand and imported direct, and that no other retail stock of Linens between the oceans equals ours in volume or variety.

Table Sets—
Cloth 2½x2 yards (68x86 inches), 1 dozen 20x20 inch Napkins to match, $4 the set.
Cloth 2x2½ yards (68x104 inches) 1 dozen 20x20 inch Napkins to match, $4.50 the set.
Colored bordered Cloths, 2x2½ yards (70x88 inches), knotted fringe, with 1 dozen 15x15 inch plain fringed Doylies, $4.25 the set.
Cloth 2x2½ yards (70x86 inches), plain fringe, with 1 dozen 15x15 inch Doylies to match, $3.50 the set.

Towels—
Huck Towels, Damask border all round, plain fringe, 23x46 inch, 25c each.
Huck Towels, with Damask and Diaper border, all white, 24x46 inch, 25c each.
Huck Towels, all white, solid white tape border, 23x46 inch, 25c each.
Hemstitched Huck Towels, 20x40 inch, 25c each.

Sheets and Pillow Cases.

The Muslin alone would cost you almost as much. Best brands of Muslin, thoroughly good work, deep hems—just as a thrifty housewife would make them.

Sheets—
1½x2½ yards, 45c.
2 x2½ yards, 50, 58, 62, 85, 88c.
2½x2½ yards, 60, 65, 70, 90, 98c.
2¾x2½ yards, 65, 70, 75, 95, 98c.
2¾x2¾ yards, $1.
2¾x2¾ yards, $1.05, $1.08.
2¾x2¾ yards, unbleached, 55c.

Wanamaker's.

Pillow Cases—
42x36 inch, 17, 19, 22c.
45x36 inch, 18, 20, 23, 26c.
54x36 inch, 25, 29, 32c.

Bolster Cases—
42x72 inch, 30, 39, 42c.
45x72 inch, 35, 36, 48c.

Tucked Pillow Cases—
42x36 inch, 28c 50x36 inch, 35c
45x36 inch, 30c 54x36 inch, 37½c
Pillow Cases, tucked, generous cambric ruffling, 37½c.
Bolster Cases, tucked, generous cambric ruffling, 75c.
Bolster Cases, tucked, 60c

It's the price that makes the story of these warm Down Quilts such pleasant reading to-day. Thoroughly good down, free from dust, and so covered with fine Sateen that not one of the fluffy bits can get out. $3.75 each.

Think ahead. Blanket weather will be here sometime. But don't hope then to see six pound 72x86 inch Blankets, with pure wool filling, at $4 the pair.

Tastes in Tennis Rackets differ. That's why we keep every good make—some thirty or forty sorts. But the Wanamaker Special Rackets cover every need and they are a third cheaper than any others of equal quality.

Germantown Special, $4.50.
Germantown Standard, $3.75.
Belmont, $2.75.
Ardmore, $2.25.
Fairmount, $1.75.
Youth's, $1.25.
Juvenile, 75c.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous.

The Latest Popular Song,

"Come Back to Mother's Home."

Music by Wm. H. J. Wilson.
Words by Frank Dumont, of Cameross Minstrels.

For sale at

W. H. J. Wilson's
MUSIC & STATIONERY STORE
Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

SAMUEL W. BLACK,
DEALER IN
FINE ÷ GROCERIES!
FRUITS
AND PROVISIONS.
TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.
COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS.,
BRISTOL, PA.

Spring.

All kinds of Seasonable Goods in our line constantly on hand.

Lawn Mowers, Fly Wire,
Door and Window Screen,
Ice-cream Freezers, Coolers, &c.
—AT THE—
NEW HARDWARE STORE,
Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
J. Quicksall & Son.

Albert Baker,
DEALER IN
ICE.
Orders for same Promptly attended to.
BRISTOL, PA.

ICE COLD
Soda Water,
AS COLD AS YOU WANT IT,
At COLLINS',
No. 317 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous

A. F. Yeutter,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Latest Styles.
Popular Prices.
RADCLIFFE STREET,
Near Market,
BRISTOL, PA.

Groceries
In Great Variety and CHEAP
AT FOSTER'S.
Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest BUTTER, TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES that the market affords.
Fruits and Vegetables in Season.
Edward H. Foster,
The DORRANCE STREET GROCER.

Robert Clark,
Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,
No. 28 Radcliffe St.
Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

COAL
Highest Grades of
FAMILY FLOUR
FEED, ETC.
—Wood, Lime and Brick,—
Grass Seeds.
PIONEER COAL YARD,
(Established 1837.)
Walter F. Leedom,
529 to 535 Bath St.,
BRISTOL, PA.

JAMES WRIGHT,
BRISTOL, PA.
The Largest and Best Selected stock in Bristol of
Dress Goods, Linings, Trimmings and Notions. A full line of
CARPETS,
Embracing Moquettes, Wiltons, Velvets, Brussels, Tapastries & Ingrains.
Mattings, Linoleums, Oil-cloth, (table and floor.)
Groceries, Crockery and Queensware in variety.
Agent for Standard Dress Patterns.
Radcliffe and Market Sts.

Angus York,
Contractor and Builder,
Cor. Cedar and Mulberry Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.
HOUSES FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS.
HOUSES built to order.
☞ESTIMATES FURNISHED.☜

The most extensive growers and retailers of Plants in eastern Pennsylvania. Nearly two acres. Solid in Pot and Flower Plants. More than we ever had before. More than all the florists in Bucks county. Our Plants the best and cheapest. An examination of stock and prices will convince you. Flower Beds prepared and filled. Gardening in all its branches.

Our Cut Flower Department produces the best Boquets and Designs of every description, cheapest and best. Tomato, Egg, Pepper and Celery plants for sale. The largest and oldest Florist Establishment in Bucks county.

DeWitt Bros.,
Pond St., above Walnut,
Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

AT LIPPINCOTT'S
SOMETHING NEW!
TRULY THE WOMANS FRIEND.
The Augite Stove Mat.

Food of any kind when cooked on this MAT does not require stirring, and will not scorch or burn.

DIRECTIONS—Before using FIRST time, place on hot stove for ten minutes. ☞One of the greatest discoveries of the age. No stirring for oat meal, rice, custards, blanch mange, jellies, butters, catsups, apple or other sauces, etc. In fact nothing will burn on it. Coffee or milk will not boil over if cooked on this MAT. TRY IT and be convinced. Bread will toast nicely on it. For sale at

LIPPINCOTT'S, 245 Mill St., Bristol.

Hard to Beat.

The New Improved——
Philadelphia Washer,
ANTI-FRICTION MOVEMENT.
With Drop Rack for Tub.

The New Improved **Philadelphia Washing Machine**, (made by the Restein Manufacturing Company) of Philadelphia, is the best, easiest, quickest and most noiseless machine ever offered to the public for its cleansing power, and wherever sold gives universal satisfaction. It is truly
Housekeeper's Friend.

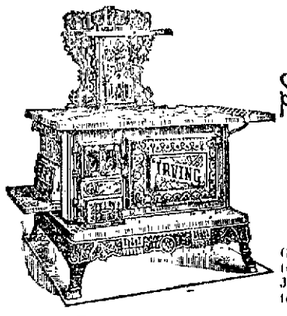
What is Claimed for It.

It will wash perfectly clean the finest fabrics as well as the coarsest of clothes. It is the only machine that will wash wristbands, collars, neckbands and stockings, and the only machine that will turn the sleeves and the garments inside out without the aid of the hand. Use judgment and use me right and I will make them white.

A trial free of charge will give you a knowledge of its genuine merits.

These machines can be seen at the Bristol Cash Grocery, 529 Walnut Street, Bristol

J. Curtis Howell, Agent
For the RESTEIN Manufacturing Co. for Bristol and surrounding country



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DEALER IN
Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges
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House Furnishing Goods.
Now is the proper time to invest in a first-class Gasoline Stove. Tin Roofing a Specialty. Custom work done in tin, sheet iron, copper and zinc Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly. Stove repairs of all kinds.
NO. 10 MILL STREET,
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Large and Varied Stock!
YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF
-SLIPPERS-
Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you. Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered. Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt. Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties.
Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.
T. A. FARLEY.

Swithin C. Shortlidge's Media Academy.
Media, Pa., near Philada.
School Opens Sept. 24th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Circulars Free.

JAMES H. MASON KNOX, D.D., LL.D., President of Lafayette College, writes—Mr. SHORTLIDGE is a most successful teacher. The students whom he has prepared for Lafayette have given abundant evidence of his faithfulness and skill as an instructor. I take very great pleasure in commending him and the Media Academy to all who seek a school in which they may be sure of their sons receiving the very best attention. The school is worthy of the highest commendation.
CHAS. A. SCHAEFFER, Dean of Cornell University, N.Y., writes—I take pleasure in stating that the gentlemen entered without condition. Hoping that you may be able to send us many more such, I am very sincerely yours.
DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, writes—I have had frequent occasion to observe the good results of the thorough work done by the students under your care, and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Pennsylvania, shows that your school affords every opportunity to those students desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this, as well as to other colleges of the highest grade.
REV. JAMES McCOSH, D.D., President of Princeton University, writes—I have examined with care the course of studies pursued at SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S School at Media, Pa., and I find it to be admirable. Mr. SHORTLIDGE has sent to this college a number of fine boys well prepared.
PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, writes—You have pupils with the best possible evidence of the excellence of your school in presenting young men so well fitted, and I hope you will have the professional success which you certainly deserve.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE CURE FOR CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE, ELY'S CREAM BALM
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts. 50c

J. W. McBride,
DEALER IN
Fine -:- Groceries!
BUTTER and CHEESE
From the Best Dairies.
CANNED GOODS in Variety
Goods Delivered Promptly.
Corner Wood and Dorrance Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.

Dissolution of Partnership.
THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING between William Alloway and B. O. Ettenger was dissolved this day by mutual consent.
WILLIAM ALLOWAY,
B. O. ETTENGER.
Bristol, Pa., July 30, 1892.

Wm. M. Downing, Jr.,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
FLOUR!
FEED, GRAIN, SEEDS,
BALED HAY, &c.
All goods sold at lowest cash prices. Try the celebrated Climax Flour.
☞Orders delivered promptly in all parts of the town.
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Residence, No. 68 Bath Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1892

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 3.15, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.45, 4.40, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.10, 6.10 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.15 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.15, A. M., 3.1, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrive at 10.15 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.45 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.45 A. M., 1.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WEST—Arrives at 7.15, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, *9.19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12.07, 1.01, *1.34, *3.03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.37, 5.45, 6.25, *7.00, 8.51, 9.27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.19, *10.26, A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 10.01, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.00, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.01, 6.21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.19, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

Delaware River Transportation Company.

Increased Steam Boat Service Between Bristol and Philadelphia.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner and Twilight

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 7.00, 7.15, 10.00 and 11.40 A. M. 2, 4 and 5 P. M.
Leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 7.30, 9.30 and 11.47 A. M. 2, 3, 4.30 and 6 P. M.
SUNDAYS—Leave Bristol at 8.15, 10.30 A. M. 1 and P. M.
Leave Philadelphia at 8.30 A. M. 2.00, 2.30 and 6.00 P. M.

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

Leaves Bordentown at 7.00 A. M., Penns Manor 7.20, Florence 7.40, Tullytown 7.50, Bristol 8.15 and Edgington 8.40 for Philadelphia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia (Arch Street wharf), at 3.00 P. M. Sundays—Leave Bristol for Phila at 9 a. m. Leave Phila. for Bristol at 6.30 p. m.

Single fare 25c., excursion tickets, 40c.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

—Frank Chambers has the contract for putting up the Mt. Holly Fair printing matter throughout Lower Bucks County.

—The Republican County Convention convenes in Doylestown on Saturday of this week, to put in nomination a county ticket

—Rev. William H. Decker, pastor of the Madison Ave. Presbyterian church, Albany, N. Y., will preach in the Presbyterian church on Sunday next

—About one hundred and fifty persons went to Ocean Grove on Wednesday, with the M. E. Sunday-school Teachers' Association, and report having a pleasant time.

—Jacob Scheisser, of the Park Avenue Wheelmen, on Saturday, won the five mile road race of the Park Avenue Wheelmen, making the distance in 15 minutes and 36 seconds.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, August 25, 1892: Dr. H. E Nerius, Miss Anna Herbster, Kneedler & Co., Miss O Maris, Harry O'Neill, P. A. Smith, Dorrance street.

—The Bristol Pioneer Corps will meet every Monday night at the rink building for drill. The Corps is having their axes nickle-plated and when their new suits arrive will make a fine appearance.

—The Liberty Cornet Band of Bristol, will give their second moonlight excursion to Greenwich Point and return, on Friday evening, September 9th. Boat leaves Mill street wharf at 8 o'clock.

—The Scheisser brothers and Harry Lancaster left Bristol, Monday, on their wheels for Ocean Grove, N. J., making the entire distance in 5 hours and 35 minutes, total 7 hours and 30 minutes with stops.

—The Bristol Wheelmen will meet at Radcliffe and Mulberry streets, on Saturday, at 1 o'clock, P. M. sharp, to proceed to Trenton to attend the races of the Mercer County, (N. J.) Wheelmen Free to club members.

—The W. C. T. U. will hold a meeting on Wednesday, August 31, in the M. E. church parlor, at 4 o'clock, for the purpose of devising and arranging plans for the convention to be held here during the latter part of September A full attendance of the members is desired at this meeting.

—The basement of St. Mark's Parochial School building is being prepared for the occupancy of the St. Mark's Literary Society. The basement will be divided into four rooms which will be nearly and comfortably furnished. The expense of the improvement will be in the neighborhood of $1,000.

—Asbury Boileau, one of the most prominent citizens of the lower end of the county, died at his residence in Merrisville, on Saturday. He was an active Democrat and took a lively interest in politics. An honest and reputable citizen, he was highly respected by his neighbors and friends. He held the office of Justice of the Peace at the time of his death.

—A colored man named Todd, living in Bensalem township, was arrested by officer Wilkinson, on Monday, on a charge preferred by Wm. Prettyman of stealing a horse. It appears that Prettyman, who is a horse dealer, sold Todd a horse for $14, representing that the horse was a good one; sometime afterward he re-traded Todd for one with a sore back, stating the sore would come all right, but it turned out to be incurable. Todd thinking he was cheated took the horse to Prettyman's residence and turned it in the field and took another its place to go home with Before 'Squire Booz the colored man admitted the facts as above stated, and the Justice settled the case by requiring Todd to pay the costs and returning the horse to Prettyman. James Wright was Todd's bondsman.

—On Monday the Bucks County Democratic Convention was held at Doylestown, and presided over by John C. Stucker, of Bristol, and was the first held since the division of the old districts to comply with the new election laws. The following nominations were named: County Treasurer, Wm. D. Rowland, of Hilltown; Assembly, Dr. O. H. Fretz, of Quakertown; Carlisle Shepherd, of Buckingham, and James L. Fabian, of Falls; Coroner, John Clemens, of Tinicum, Director of Poor, Jacob H. Hill, of New Hope; County Surveyor, Henry P. Ely, of Buckingham. After the reading of the resolutions and their adoption the convention adjourned

—The steamer Florence will leave Bristol at 8.30 o'clock, A. M., instead of 8.15, on and after Monday, August 29th next.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Lulu Doron is at Cape May.

Miss Anna Phillips is at Spring Lake, N. J.

Miss Emma Smith, of New York, is the guest of Miss Fannie Landreth.

Miss Ollie Highland has returned to Bristol after a week's sojourn at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Gilkeson and Miss M. A. Gilkeson have returned from a visit at Anandale, N. Y.

Mrs. John K. Wildman left Bristol last Saturday for a visit of several weeks duration at Sing Sing, N. Y.

Misses Bessie and Margaret Remington, of Philadelphia, who have been visiting Miss Lulu Doron have returned home.

Mrs. Anna Chambers and Misses Laura and Ella Bailey, of Philadelphia, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs H. A. Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Buckman who have been visiting relatives at Phillipsburg, N. J. and Easton, Pa., have returned to Bristol.

Misses Annie Landreth and Meta R. Grundy and Mr. Joseph R. Grundy are spending several weeks at Blue Mountain Lake, in the Adirondack Mountain district.

"FREE TRADE in this country, or a material reduction of the present tariff is as sure to lower the rate of wages as the sun is to rise to-morrow." Such is the testimony of an enterprising manufacturer who has carried his business from England to this country, and who will employ 2,000 workmen in Jamestown, New York. This removal is the direct result of the McKinley tariff act. Make a note of it. If you wish to overthrow American industries vote for the party which declares that protection is a fraud.

THERE is nothing the matter with the U. S. Treasury except in the eye of the Democratic editor. The revenues are increasing and Secretary Foster says "all talk of a deficit is moonshine." Still Democrats must talk about something in addition to tariff reduction, and a little palaver about a "looted" treasury, while there is no semblance of truth in it, gives them a est from their inane discourses on the beauty of Free Trade.

UNDER Republican protection prosperity abounds, industries thrive, work is plentiful, wages are good, people generally are happy, cheerful and contented, and the prices of all necessities are reasonably low. It would be risking a great deal and risking unwisely to overthrow protection and supplant it with visionary Democratic theories and aims, which might turn manifold blessings into bitter, biting, blighting gall and wormwood. It is better to cling to the fruitful sources of prosperity and happiness, than to sow the choking seeds of adversity and disaster. A vote for protection is a shot at free trade. Remember this

THE record of the Democratic party has given it a decided impetus, and all the visible signs indicate that it is rapidly forging forward on the down grade. There is no available power that can reverse the engine. "Stern fate and time will have their victims." Hercules himself would be unable to apply the brakes effectively, and the Democratic party, through its enervating record and enfeebling policy, cannot resist the wind and tide that favor the triumphant progress of the Republicans, who press forward under the banners that stand for blessings to the American people.

THE Switchman's strike at Buffalo, N. Y., has been officially declared off, and is another proof added to the list that strikes don't pay.

HEAVIER RAILS FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA.

The old standard 90-pound rail which has been in use by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is to be gradually done away with, and in the future on the main lines the standard track will be 100 pounds. On Saturday a meeting of the Pennsylvania Railroad Maintenance of Way Engineering Association will be held in Philadelphia, at which the question of adopting the new 100 pound rail as the standard of the Pennsylvania Co. will be the subject for discussion. This association consists of eleven members of the Engineers and Maintenance of Ways on the four grand divisions of the company, the assistant engineers of the main line divisions between Jersey City and Pittsburgh and Washington, and the West Jersey and Camden and Atlantic railroads, with the assistant chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad as Chairman. The meeting on Saturday will be more than usually important, as the question of adopting everything pertinent to a change in the weight of the rails will be thoroughly gone through with. While only 1,000 tons of the 100 pound rails were ordered, it is generally believed that hereafter all rails for the passenger tracks will be of this new weight.

THE FIRST WOMAN DENTIST.

Twenty-eight years ago the first woman dentist in the world was graduated from the Pennslyvania College. Her name was Mme. Hirschfeldt, and she became dentist to the family of the late Emperor William. The second graduate was Dr. Anna Ramberger, who practiced fifteen years, then married Outside of Philadelphia, Ohio and Ann Arbor are the only two colleges that admit women. Among the graduates of the Philadelphia Dental College was Gertrude Bright, a niece of John Bright, and a successful student. A large portion of the students come from abroad. Last year, out of twelve matriculations, five were from abroad. There are about sixty practicing dentistry in the United States. The greater part of the practice of women dentists is among children, who are less afraid of a woman dentist than of a man. There are, it seems, even men, whose fear of pain is much like that of children, who will submit to the gentler ministrations of a woman sooner than to the harsher manipulations of a man. Skill and steadiness of nerve are more requisite than strength in dentistry. Women dentists usually avoid the surgical and mechanical parts of dentistry, but make a specialty of operating only on teeth. A woman dentist interviewed, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Dentistry is a lovely field for women!" Another added, for those who have good nerves and executive ability.—N. Y. Sun.

A Cook in the Time of Louis XVIII.

Louis XV had a genuine passion for horticulture. He did not content himself with perfecting a system of hothouses and of heating apparatuses for all his chateaux, but he gave impulsion also to the growing of grain of all kinds, of vegetables, and especially of new varieties of trees, for which so many royal nurseries were at that moment established.

But he was most at ease before a cooking furnace, now overseeing his œufs a la fanatique, browned to a turn over a red hot fire, now preparing in accordance with established rules a beverage called coffee, just then coming into fashion, or concocting one of those pies which he sent, carefully wrapped up, to M de Buffon in return for a quarter of venison received from that famous naturalist. At the same time as his father-in-law, Stanislas, Louis XV invented tables which came in without being touched by human hands to offer their contents to surfeited palates; but those of the king of France came up from under the floor, while those of the king of Poland descended from the ceiling.

One can almost imagine a monograph on monarchs who were gourmands, and we do recall Careme's witticism, "Is not the science which nourishes the equal of the one that kills?" a profound and sensible thought from a chef of whom Louis XVIII did not hesitate to take lessons. That king, who died afflicted with the gout for having indulged too freely in the pleasures of the table, merited one day the praises of the celebrated chef whose counsels he followed with docility.

A great lover of mussels, he gave Talleyrand the recipe for a sauce which added greatly to the taste of that dish; and as Talleyrand communicated to the king the reflections of his head cook, the monarch replied, "Careme is right, but I very much fear it will be a long time before I shall be able to create a minister of the public cuisine."—Paris Intermediaire.

Bacteria Not to Be Feared.

Every one should understand that of all the myriads of bacteria about us in earth and air and water, the great majority are harmless. With very few exceptions the bacteria which can do us harm are those, and those alone, which come from the bodies of men and animals afflicted with disease. So far as water is concerned—and the same applies to ice—it is only sewage pollution or stagnant filth which we have to fear and shun. Good, pure, uncontaminated water, and ice made from such water either by nature or by man, are entirely wholesome, and they are not made more wholesome by distillation or other purifying procedure—they are not more wholesome when germ free.

So in the manufacture of ice, if the water which is used be contaminated and impure, the preliminary distillation is of primary importance for the salubrity of the ice; but if the water be pure, the distillation is only valuable for the technical purpose of removing the dissolved air.

In point of fact, most of the artificial ice which the writer has examined—and there have been many and abundant samples from various sources collected, and for a period of many months—does contain bacteria in varying numbers. The preliminary distillation, if carefully done, destroys any disease producing germ forms which might be present in the water used. But a certain number of the more hardy harmless forms may be carried bodily with the steam into the condensers.—T. Mitchell Pruden in Harper's.

After sponging patent leather with warm water and letting it dry, while still warm rub just a little sweet oil in it, then rub it well out of it.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

THE TWO BRISTOLS:

A BICENTENARY BALLAD FOR BRISTOL, PENNSYLVANIA. 1692-1892.

BY ALBERT J. EDMUNDS

I know an ancient city,
That rises ridge on ridge
Beside the Avon River,
Bestrode of many a bridge,
Six miles, and then the Avon
In Severn mixes free,
And Bristol Channel stretches
A great arm to the sea.
Upon the name of Bristol
A thousand years have rolled,
And still the ships of nations
Exchange in her their gold.

A Pennsylvania borough
Has now two hundred years
This ancient namesake honoured
Among her peaceful peers.
Far grander than the Severn,
The mighty Delaware
Beside her rolls its waters,
With isle and islet fair

Within the olden Bristol
A Gothic abbey stands,
Long since become Cathedral
By Hal the Eighth's commands,
Within the newer Bristol
The oldest courts of God
Are Quaker aisles and porches
Where once John Woolman*trod.

Old Bristol heard the war-drum
Six hundred stormy years,
From William's Norman archers
To Rupert's cavaliers,
There frowned a feudal fortress
For ages o'er the town—
King Stephen there was captive—
But Cromwell tore it down.

Our Bristol of the woodlands
Was built by sons of peace,
Who here from old-world warrings
For ever found release;
And never in two ages
Have hostile armies met,
Not e'en when Philadelphia
Was held by bayonet

Old Bristol was the birthplace
Of Penn the Admiral,
And here the Quaker Naylor
Was led in festival
By women Friends who followed
His horse in pouring rain,
And strewed the branch and shouted
That Christ had come again.

Thereafter poor James Naylor
Was whipped from street to street.
He crossed the bridge of Avon,
Tongue-burnt, with bleeding feet.
For blasphemy they lashed him,
And then the record saith
Four years he lived in penitence,
Till eloquent in death. †

Ere yet the Quaker City
Arose beside the stream,
Who knows but Fox beheld her
In vision or in dream,
When, fording creek and river,
He passed the forest through,
On ministerial journeys
In sixteen seventy-two?
In Maryland and Jersey,
Were Quakers here and there,
And at the port Newcastle
He crossed the Delaware.

Two hundred years the ferry
To Burlington has plied,
And Penn himself has doubtless
Been rowed across the tide.
At Burlington John Woolman
Has oft in meeting sat,
And eyed the calm assembly
From underneath his hat

One day when on his travels,
At Burlington he slept,
And in the early morning
A saintly vigil kept;
Around the silent chamber
He saw a glory shine,
And heard a voice assure him
Of certainty divine. ‡
Upon their Northern journey,
The swallow and the stork
Look down on Quaker gravestones
Within the walls of York.
Where mediæval gateways
And Norman turrets rise,
And Minster towers and casements,
The dust of Woolman lies. ‖

The priestly, kingly city,
That bore a Constantine,
And burnt Severns' ashes,
Took our devout divine
The dust of prince and bishop
Is in the Minster shade,
But under open heaven
The Quaker saint is laid.

When Lafayette was wounded
Beside the Brandywine,
He came to rest, O Bristol!
In silences of thine.
And when he passed in triumph
In eighteen twenty-four,
An aged matron met him
He knew his nurse of yore.

Thy springs of healing waters
For full one hundred years §
Made thee a chosen haven
Beyond thy prouder peers.
Ere yet to Saratoga
The fair of fashion came,
The quiet lanes of Bristol
Through them were known to fame.
Ambassadors and captains
Have honored thee at balls,
And eighteenth century dances
Have sounded in thy halls.

But now so calm and silent
Thou lookest o'er the stream:
The pageant long has faded,
The past is all a dream.
But even yet we love thee,
And from the crowded town
We seek thy mellow bowers,
Our turbulence to drown.

How black so e'er the future
May loom on cities great,
We feel in quiet places
The mainstay of the State.
And I rejoice to hear it
When grey old people say
They never saw the city
But twenty miles away.

Long live, ye towns of Bristol,
The ancient and the new:
By Delaware or Avon
My heart is true to you.
Live long, thou gentler Bristol,
In rural beauty sweet,
And be to yonder city
A shade and a retreat.

JULY 26, 1892.

* "In the ninth month, 1753,........we traveled about two weeks, visiting the meetings of Friends in Bucks county." (John Woolman's Journal, chap. iii)

† James Naylor's dying speech is well known as one of the most beautiful utterances in the English language.

‡ Feb. 13-14, 1767. John Woolman's Journal, chap. iv.

‖ He died at York, England, in 1772

§ 1720-1820.

THE cholera has appeared at various European ports having direct communication with this country, notably at Hamburg, where it has broken out with sudden and virulent energy, and it will require extreme vigilence and precaution to keep it out of this country. The health officers of Philadelphia and New York and other ports, are taking the proper precautions to prevent the introduction of this scourge into the United States, and while there is no immediate danger, their efforts should be supplemented by all the people exercising particular caution in the way of taking care of their general health by a careful regard to proper diet and cleanliness, in case the efforts to exclude the epidemic fail.

BASE BALL.

After a hard struggle, on Saturday last, our ball sluggers won from the Langhorne-Tacony club in a game of ball, the finest played on the local grounds this season, before a large crowd of spectators, there being fully nine hundred people. The game was one of hard hitting by both clubs. Humphries again played his usual game and accepted every chance. The features were the batting of John Coleman, Mahan and Massey, the fielding of Humphries, Mahan, McDonnell and Potts for Bristol. Potts caught a good game, and his presence behind the bat seemed to enthuse the rest of the players, as they all did well. The score is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Humphries, ss.	0	1	1	2	0
Smith, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Mahan, rf.	0	3	1	1	0
Potts, c.	0	0	8	2	0
Richert, 1b	1	1	9	1	1
R. Coleman, lf.	1	1	0	0	0
Hoeding, 3b.	0	1	1	5	0
McDonnell, 2b.	2	2	5	4	1
J. Coleman, p.	0	3	1	1	0
Totals,	4	12	27	16	2

LANGHORNE.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
G. LeCompte, lf.	1	1	2	1	0
C. LeCompte, 2b.	0	0	3	2	0
Wunder, ss.	1	2	1	5	0
Massey, rf.	1	3	2	0	0
Pierson, 3b.	0	1	3	2	0
Seeds, cf.	0	1	2	0	0
Black, c.	0	1	8	0	0
Minster, 1b.	0	1	6	0	0
Bauswine, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	3	10	27	10	0

INNINGS

Bristol,	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—4
Langhorne,	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Earned runs—Bristol, 4, Langhorne. Two-base hits—Massey 2. Three-base hits—J. Coleman, Massey. Double plays—Hoeding to Richert, Wunder to C. LeCompte to Minster. Left on bases—Bristol 7, Langhorne 6. Struck out—by J. Coleman 6, by Bauswine 6. Bases on balls—off J. Coleman 2; off Bauswine 2. Hit by pitched ball—Bauswine Wild pitch —J. Coleman. Time—1.45. Umpire —Brown.

Bristol plays Wynnewood to day

McDonnell played an excellent game on Saturday

Potts will officiate behind the bat for Bristol for the remainder of the season.

The batting of J. Coleman, McDonnell and Mahan on Saturday was noteworthy.

The Burlington club will try to down the Bristol team on Jersey soil on Saturday.

Why don't Manager Smith arrange a game with the Oxford club? A game with this club would excite much interest.

The Bristol Athletic Association, under the able management of John F. Smith, is now in pretty fair condition, The attendance at the ball games have increased, and the players are putting up good ball. The lovers of base ball appreciate this and are doing their part to help the Association.

I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me M J. Lally, 39 Woodward Ave, Boston Highlands, Mass.

After using Ely's Cream Balm two months I was suprised to find that the right nostril, which was closed for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful.—R H. Cressengham, 275 18th St., Brooklyn.

Bucklens' Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. K. Young.

WHERE THE FASHIONS COME FROM

Fashion is called a "fickle Jade"—and yet nearly every style is designed with some special object in view. Often the manufacturer has created some new material which he intends to place before the merchant; to make the best impression possible he has samples of the new material placed with some of the best modists whose special designers will study the goods, its color and texture, and its combinations with other colors and materials While experimenting with the material they create some new style to attract attention, these designs are reproduced in colored plates and sent to all prominent dealers to give them an idea of the value of the new material. If these styles are liked they become the fashion.

Sometimes a dress made for some leading artist, who has to dress as well as act the character in the play, is often so beautiful or unique as to cause a sensation, and it immediately becomes all the rage.

Most large establishments in Paris have special artists who furnish them each month with a certain number of new styles suitable for the season and the new materials From these the best are selected and the garment made up accordingly.

The reason La Mode de Paris, Paris Album of Fashion and La Couturiere give the earliest styles and those that are reliable is because they are at the very fountain head of Fashion and know just what is going to be popular. When you get a fashion journal get one upon which you can depend for correct ideas of style and material, for remember that if you wish to show correct and good taste yourself you will need to study those styles which are artistic and reliable. If you wish to keep up to the styles we advise you to subscribe for La Mode de Paris, $3.50 per year, or Paris Album of Fashion, $3 50 per year. These are the most artistic fashion journals published. La Courturiere is a fine home journal for $3.00 per year and La Mode is only $1 50 per year.

You can generally get single copies from your newsdealer, but do not allow him to give you some other journal for one of these. You can get them if you write to the publishers, Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York.

"I would like to sound the praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla over the entire universe," writes Mrs. Longenecker of Union Deposit, Penn.

—A Belfast (Me.) philanthropist takes great pleasure in lending ambitious young boys small sums of money with which to go into business on a small scale. He says that he rarely fails to get his money back.

—Miss Zoe Gayton, who has already made a pedestrian record of 3,395 miles in 169 days between San Francisco and New York, now proposes to walk on a wager of $20,000 from New York, via New Orleans, to San Francisco.

—Recently a clever person in St. Petersburg arranged and placed on exhibition a clock with a phonograph attachment that will repeat at any hour set, according to the possessor's desire, such orders or announcement as may be committed to it.

—Abram W. Smith, the Republican candidate for Governor of Kansas, is said to be one of the biggest men in the State. He is almost a giant in stature and has a rough-and-ready eloquence which makes him popular everywhere. By trade Mr. Smith is a mechanic. He served during the war as a union soldier.

The Beauty Standard.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type, some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether the female be of the blonde, brunette, or hazel-eyed type This first great requisite of loveliness can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion, all of which are secured by the use of Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refunded If you would have a clear lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discovery."

☞For beautiful sets of teeth, gold and silver fillings, go to

DR. ELLA R. SHINN,

DENTIST,

No. 50 Bath Street, Bristol,

We place, securely, gold and pivot crowns on roots making them as good as new My motto: "The best work for the most reasonable prices."

Dr. T. S Heincken, of Burlington, N. J. will be at the office on Wednesday mornings to extract teeth without pain, using his own preparation for numbing the gums.

☞S. T. Valentine, the well known sign painter, at No. 53 Radcliffe street, is now prepared to put the new numbers on dwellings and business houses, from a fancy gold number on the transom to a cheap one on tin. All work done at the lowest possible prices. Samples furnished.

SUGGESTION FOR THE SUMMER TRIP.

If you wish to take the trip of a lifetime, purchase the low rate excursion tickets sold by all principal lines in the United States and Canada via the Northern Pacific Railroad to Yellowstone National Park, Pacific coast and Alaska

The trip is made with the highest degree of comfort in the elegant vestibuled trains of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which carry dining cars and luxurious Pullman sleeping cars from Chicago, St Paul and Minneapolis to Montana and the Pacific coast, without change, and special Pullman sleepers from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park

The scenery en route is the most magnificent to be found in the seven states through which the road passes. Beautiful mountains, rivers, valleys, lakes and plains follow each other in rapid succession to delight the tourist, who will also find interest in the agricultural, mining, lumbering, industrial and other interests associated with the development of the great Northwest

The crowning glory of the trip through the Northwest, however, is the visit to Yellowstone Park, the land of hot springs, geysers and gorgeous canons, and to Alaska with its endless ocean channels, snow-capped peaks, Indian villages and giant glaciers.

If you wish to investigate this suggestion further send to Charles S Fee, General Passenger Agent, N. P. R. R., St Paul, Minn, for copies of the handsomely illustrated "Wonderland" book, Yellowstone Park and Alaska folders

It Should Be in Every House

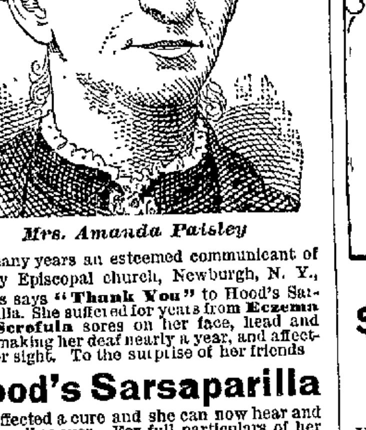
J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free Trial Bottles at John K Young's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise —A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers —For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle, at John K. Young's Drug Store.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.



Mrs. Amanda Paisley

For many years an esteemed communicant of Trinity Episcopal church, Newburgh, N. Y., always says "Thank You" to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She suffered for years from Eczema and Scrofula sores on her face, head and ears, making her deaf nearly a year, and affecting her sight. To the surprise of her friends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has effected a cure and she can now hear and see as well as ever. For full particulars of her case send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in condition, proportion and appearance.

A Point for You.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will be of benefit to you? For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other diseases of the blood, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, That Tired Feeling, Catarrh, Malaria, Rheumatism, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy.

How Unpleasant

it is to see a beautiful child's face disfigured with vile humors, bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches and sores, and sadder still, when the young and innocent are laughed at and twitted in all such cases Parents should give them that good and pure remedy, Sulphur Bitters, which will search and drive out of the blood every particle of humor —Health Gazette.

The Boston Star

says Dr Kaufmann's great book on diseases, its causes and home cure, with fine colored plates, is the best work ever published A copy will be sent free to anybody who sends three 2-cent stamps, to pay postage, to A. P Ordway & Co, Boston, Mass

A Complete Establishment

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 10 cts. to $4.00. Underwear from $1 00 to $3 00 per suit, and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers They keep no auction trash upon their premises

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Jno K. Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Shiloh's Cough Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10c., 50c and $1 If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Jno. K Young, 557 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

MISS ANNA W. CABEEN and SISTERS will re-open their School, Monday, September 26th, 1892.

Primary, Middle and Advanced Classes

FOR RENT.

$12 per month. Brick house on Mulberry street Apply to WM E. LAING.

Bristol Borough School Tax

-NOTICE-

Tax-payers who wish to secure the benefit of the Five per cent. deduction, must pay their School Tax to the District Treasurer, at his office, on Dorrance street, on or before the 20th day of 9th Month, (September) 1892.

EDW H. FOSTER, Treas

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, trading under the firm name of Joseph N. Brelsford & Bro., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent All creditors are requested to present their claims against said late firm for settlement to Joseph N. Brelsford, liquidating partner, and those owing bills to said late firm will please make immediate payment to said Joseph N Brelsford

JOSEPH N. BRELSFORD,
ELLWOOD D. BRELSFORD.

August 17, 1892.

☞The business as undertaker will be carried on at the same place by Jos N Brelsford

LAST NOTICE

BOROUGH TAX.

All Borough Taxes remaining unpaid after the first day of September will be placed in the hands of the Collector, with five per cent added and costs of collection. Taxes will be received by the Treasurer to September 1st inclusive, at his office, corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets.

JAMES WRIGHT, Treasurer,

E. M. Eldridge's

Grocery and Provision Store, Wood and Mulberry Sts.,

IS THE PLACE FOR

Fresh Vegetables in Season.

Try a can of Roast Beef, (A Luxury.) Twenty cents a can.

When in need of goods in my line, I will be pleased to fill you a trial order.

Our Motto: "Good Goods — Low Prices."

Mount Holly FAIR SEPTEMBER 12 to 16 inclusive.

THE STAR EVENT OF THE SEASON.

$20,000 IN PRIZES.

SCIENCE, ART, AGRICULTURE, HORSES, CATTLE, DOGS, POULTRY. RACING EVERY DAY. MYRTIE PEEK IN HER WONDERFUL RACING COMBINATION.

Valuable Special Premiums for Ladies. Special prizes in all Departments. Low Excursions from all Points.

—REMEMBER THE DATES.—

Miscellaneous

S. W. GROFF,

DEALER IN

Fine - Groceries,

PROVISIONS, MEATS,

Fresh & Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Vegetables, etc.

45 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY!

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

Upholstering and Repairing OF FURNITURE of all kinds

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam.

Chairs Re-Caned.

Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.

Chas. H. Ancker,

Mill Street, next to Post-office, BRISTOL, PA.

A New Industry.

The undersigned are prepared to undertake all kinds of Electro-Plating in Nickel, Silver and Gold. Also, Electric Bell Work of every description.

ARDREY BROS., Pond Street.

WILLIAM GRACE,

18 Mill Street, BRISTOL, PA.

WALL PAPERS

Best Selection in the county, at Lowest Market Prices

WINDOW SHADES.

A full stock ready-made and made to order.

PAPER HANGING a Specialty.

Headquarters for French Tissue Papers.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry.

TRADE MARK The old established Jewelry Store, S. E Corner Market and 18th Sts, Philadelphia, has been reopened by

FORSYTH & HOFFMAN,

Practical Watchmakers and Jewelers,

Personal Attention. Moderate Prices

S. E. Cor. Market & 18th Sts.

B. C. FOSTER,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Cor. Mill and Wood Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses,

Rogers Bros. A No. 1 Silver-Plated Ware, 8-Day Clocks in Walnut, Oak and Black Enamel Wood, $4 to $10.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line.

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Sherman & Peirce,

LUMBER

—AND—

MILL WORK

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

Canal and Dorrance Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

AFTER LONG ABSENCE.

Here in this room where first we met,
And where we said farewell with tears;
Here, where you swore, "Though you forget,
My love shall deeper grow with years!"

Here, where the pictures on the wall,
The very rugs upon the floor,
The smallest objects you recall—
I am awaiting you once more.

The books that we together read
From off their shelves they beckon me;
All here seems living—what is dead?
What is the ghost I fear to see?

Unchanged am I; did you despise
My love as small?—it fills my heart!
You come, a stranger from your eyes
Looks out, and meeting first we part!
—Lilla Cabot Perry in Cosmopolitan.

MISS STRONG.

Miss Pamelia Strong had reached the mature age of eighteen and never yet experienced the delightful sensation of loving and being beloved. True, she had from time to time ever since she had emerged from pinafores fancied herself in love, but now she was convinced that she had felt only a sentiment, not a passion, and so sighing and hoping for the epoch to arrive when her eyes should be opened she dragged away her melancholy existence.

Her vulgar, low bred brothers and sisters voted her a nuisance, and were never weary with tying her long flaxen curls into knots and using her choicest sonnets to the moon for lamplighters. There is no getting over the fact that Pamelia was an ill used individual, and undoubtedly her unappreciating relatives richly deserved the pillory for their disgraceful, unsympathizing treatment of her gushing affections.

Pamelia—or Millie, as she insisted on calling herself—was a tall, slender young lady, with a naturally pale complexion, which was made still more chalky by the immense quantities of slate pencils and sour vinegar she consumed, under the impression that color in a lady's face was indicative of a gross organization. Millie had a holy horror of health, and would sooner have resigned her fair, scranny neck to the guillotine than have gained a single pound of flesh.

Her hair was a very pallid shade of flaxen, and by night it was screwed up into the hardest of curl papers, while by day it floated free over her shoulders in "natural" ringlets. Her nose was a long, subdued aquiline—certain indication of genius; her eyes faintly shaded from white to blue; her mouth small and sensitive, and her hands and feet tiny as those of a fairy. Millie was inordinately vain of her feet, and for that reason she discarded flowing robes, and wore her white dresses two inches shorter than the fashion.

If Millie had been endowed with an ordinary degree of sense, she would doubtless have found no difficulty in meeting the destiny of which she was continually pondering; but, as it was, the expected individual held himself aloof, and seemed determined that the interesting Millie should drop into an untimely grave through his coldness and neglect.

Millie was, as might have been expected, a poetess, and unless a person was blessed with unusually strong nerves, it would have given him the nightmare for weeks to have read a dozen pages of her effusions.

Once in her life she had been taken to a concert by a young gentleman rejoicing in the name of Willie Stiggins, and afterward the said Willie had run away from his pa and ma, and embarked on board a whaling vessel. The vessel had been lost with all on board—so said the newspapers; and this circumstance was a windfall to the sentimental Millie. As soon as she heard of Willie's death, she felt that her heart was buried in his ocean grave, and accordingly turned out "In Memoriam" poems by the ream.

But alas for romance! Two years after those touching poems, "To Willie Lying 'Neath the Far Pacific," and "My Lost One in the Sea," had been published in the Greenville Enlightener, the drowned Willie Stiggins turned up in the senior member of the firm of Stiggins, Jenks & Co., whale oil dealers, Long wharf, Boston.

Millie might have saved her tears and her stationery, as Mr. Stiggins had in his possession a black eyed little wife and two black eyed twin children, and was blissfully oblivious of the fact that a die away young lady with flaxen curls was pining and mourning over his presumed burial in the "deep, dark sea."

From her favorite novels and poetry Millie had imbibed an intense admiration for the country, and at length her entreaties to be allowed a summer among its rural shades induced her parents to send her to Bearville for a few months. Mrs. Clash, an old friend of Mrs. Strong's, a nice, matter of fact old lady, residing on a small farm in the outskirts of the village, consented to receive her, and early in June our heroine found herself established in Mrs. Clash's pleasant spare chamber.

Millie was charmed with her situation. She should be sure to meet her fate before she left Bearville. This was just the spot for poets and artists to congregate, and all the long summer days, dressed in white, with clover blossoms in her hair and a volume of Byron in her hand, she wandered up and down the carrot bed, dignified by the name of garden, and waited for the long expected.

Good Mrs. Clash was a little uneasy at her strange conduct. She was pretty well convinced that her boarder was slightly demented, and took the precaution to fasten her bedroom door every night lest the "uncanny" young lady should murder her in her sleep.

One fine day fortune began to smile on our sentimental friend. She was out in the fields back of the village, and approaching too near a brier bush her long curls became entangled and she found it impossible to get clear. Just as she was about to burst into tears—her usual refuge in time of trial—a handsome young man in a blue frock came whistling along and gallantly proceeded to release her from her unpleasant predicament.

She was faint with happiness, for in the dark, handsome face of the unknown she had recognized the twin of her soul! Her fate was decided. At last she was in love!

Before she could collect her scattered faculties sufficiently to inquire his name or give him thanks for his timely assistance, he had passed whistling away and was lost to her view.

Starting up she flew for the house, where with breathless eagerness she burst into the room where Mrs. Clash was darning stockings, frightening the old lady nearly out of her wits.

"Oh, Mrs. Clash!" cried she, "for the love of heaven tell me who wears a blue frock!"

"A blue frock! Good gracious! is the gal crazy?"

"Who wears a blue frock and whistles 'Dixie' divinely?"

"Why, let me see—there's old Eph Bunker and Enoch Place and old Mr. Stubbs and"——

"Forbear!" exclaimed Millie, with a tragic wave of the hand; "he could be none of these. He is one of nature's noblemen—the pole of my existence!" And Millie walked to a window and gazed out as if she would pierce the secrets of futurity.

"What pole was you a-looking at?" inquired Mrs. Clash. "There's the hoppole out there; looks pretty, don't it?"

"Oh, heaven, what shocking vulgarity!" cried Millie, wringing her hands with the anguish of being so dreadfully misunderstood.

"There, dear," said Mrs. Clash soothingly, now well satisfied that her guest was beside herself, "don't feel bad about it. Tell aunty what she was looking for, there's a dear?"

"For my Destiny!" exclaimed Millie tragically.

"Hain't this it, dear?" asked Mrs. Clash, picking up a blue glass smelling bottle from the table.

Millie dashed it angrily to the floor. "Woman," she cried, "tell me who is the divine young man in a blue frock!"

"I don't know, dear," said Mrs. Clash kindly. "You hain't well, I guess; you'd better go to bed; sleep will settle your head;" and she forced Millie off to her chamber, promising to see about the young man with the blue frock and the divine whistle right away.

With this assurance Millie was content to go to sleep, but Mrs. Clash's inquiries did not amount to much, for the next morning she knew no more about Millie's destiny than she did the preceding night. And Millie resolved to take the matter into her own hands. Accordingly, after breakfast, she made a most bewitching toilet and sallied forth toward the village, faintly hoping she might encounter Adonis somewhere on the way.

Her hope was not a vain one. Passing by the blacksmith's shop she heard above the clang of the hammer on the steel that whistle. She would have recognized it among a thousand whistles.

She looked in at the door of the shop. Yes, there he was, the kingly looking fellow, his noble forehead moist with the sweat of toil, his blue frock waving in the wind and his hands engaged in fashioning a horseshoe for some Bearville steed.

Millie stood still in silent thought. Her counterpart had been found, and he was a son of poverty. But should that matter? Should rank separate them? Should caste dissolve the union of their congenial souls? The gods forbid!

She was rich—he was poor; it should be her heart's delight to endow this chosen one with all her wealth of love and gold, and in return she asked but the devotion of his loyal heart.

She gave a ragged little boy a bright quarter and inquired the name of the blacksmith. It was a very musical patronymic, she thought—Frederick Wilder.

The next question was, How should she manage to attract his attention? They had first met under romantic circumstances—met in a rosebush, and it would not be nice to destroy the romance by any commonplace second meeting. A bright idea penetrated Millie's brain.

The canal which supplied the neighboring mill with water ran close to the smithy; she would throw herself into the "flowing tide," and her screams would bring him to the rescue. No sooner thought than the deed was done.

With a loud scream and a louder splash she found herself floundering in the water, which was extremely cold and liberally thickened with frogs. Her skirts kept her from sinking, and her head being above water she had one of the best positions in the world for screaming.

"Help! oh, help! Save me! save me!" cried she at the top of her lungs, expecting to see Mr. Frederick flying to the rescue. But his hammer made so much noise on the horseshoe that he failed to hear her, and her cries brought a lusty Irishman from a ditch he was digging near by to the spot.

"Faith, young lady," remarked Pat, "but that's a cowld bath. Let me assist ye to land. Troth, and it's mighty curis how ye managed to get in."

"Begone," cried Millie, raising her arms at him. "I want none of your help. Don't trouble yourself to lay a finger on me."

"Oh, and it's no throuble at all. Be aisy, now. There she comes! Heave yo!" And Pat, seizing her by the shoulders, despite her kicking and struggling, deposited her on terra firma.

At the top of her speed Millie rushed into the smithy, closely followed by Pat, who thought she must have taken leave of her senses. She flew to the astonished blacksmith, and throwing her arms around him ejaculated:

"Oh, sir, save me from that great, horrid Irishman! Save me! save me!"

"Why, Patrick," exclaimed young Wilder in profound surprise, "what does this mean?"

"It manes jest nothing at all, at all, excipt that I fished the young leddy out from the canal, and she is mad with me for doing the same, divil fly away wid her!" and Pat sauntered off angrily with his hands in his pockets.

Millie clung to the smith's neck, resisting all his efforts to free himself from her embraces.

"Oh, Frederick!" she exclaimed, "I might as well make the revelation now as at any time. I love you—you alone! I will go with you through life! I am rich and you are poor, but the happiness of my life shall be to"——

"My dear young lady, I"——

"I know all that you would say. But love makes us all equal."

"I beg you to allow me"——

"Not a word. It will be no sacrifice. These eighteen weary years I have sighed for thee, I"——

"I'll make you sigh out of t'other side!" burst in a third voice, and an irate woman, with two irate children at her heels, appeared on the scene. "I'll learn you to hug my husband, you mean hussy, you!" and seizing poor Millie by her long ringlets the newcomer whirled her around the shop, to the total disarrangement of oxshoes, chains, iron rings, nail kegs and other kindred articles which were reposing quietly in their accustomed places.

"There!" she cried, dropping Millie in a heap of coal ashes from sheer exhaustion, "that will teach you to meddle with my husband again!"

"Your husband!" gasped Millie, staggering to her feet just in time to fall plump into the arms of Judge Morley, who was entering the shop at the moment.

The judge was a tender hearted man, and pitying the forlorn condition of our heroine he took her home in his chaise.

The acquaintance did not end there. Millie became sensible, quit looking after her destiny, and six months afterward Judge Morley led her to the altar. So our sentimental young lady met her destiny in a smithy after all.—True Flag.

A Lively Awakening.

"There's something about a flower"—said the poet dreamily, as he laid a reverent hand on the blooming rose. And just then a bee emerged from the blossom and proved it in a most pointed manner.—Exchange.

Taking Treasure from the Sea.

A scientist of Christiania proposes to immortalize himself by proving the feasibility of reclaiming the gold and silver in sea water by electrolytic action. He suggests that a channel about sixty meters wide should be selected for experiment. The place should be well sheltered from sea and wind, and there should be a current of about four meters per minute.

Across this channel sixty plates of galvanized iron, each two meters by three meters, should be fixed at an angle of 30 degs. with the stream, and an electric current be sent through the series to precipitate the precious metals. Herr Munster, to whom the credit of this conception is due, has hit on a very fascinating idea.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Makes Some Difference.

Boutton—I didn't meet Jack Goodheart at the restaurant today.

Upton—No; Jack is a married man now, and it's three days since pay day.—New York Weekly.

Interrupted the Fight.

A gentleman was in the habit of shooting in a very wild and rocky section of the country. Part of the rocky ground was on the side of a very high hill, not accessible to sportsmen, and from this hill the hares and foxes, which were the chief game of the region, would at night betake themselves to the plains below. Leading from these rocks to the lower ground were two gullies made by the rains, near one of which the veracious gentleman who tells the story stationed himself and his attendant one night in the hope of bagging some hares.

Hardly had they taken up their position when they perceived a fox creeping stealthily down through the gully, followed closely by another. After they had played together for a few minutes one of the foxes went into hiding under one of the larger rocks at the end of the gully, and the other having apparently bidden him good night sneaked back up the hill again. In a moment he was back, but before him, racing down through the gully—being chased, in fact—was a hare fleeing for her life, and as the intended victim was passing the rock where the first fox lay concealed he tried to seize her by suddenly springing upon her, but his aim was bad and he missed.

The pursuing fox came up at this moment, and finding that the lack of skill of his co-conspirator had resulted in the loss his supper, he began to snap and snarl at the other in such a fashion that the spirit of the offending fox was aroused, and a rough and tumble fight resulted. They fought fiercely for several minutes, but as neither seemed to be getting the better of the other, the huntsman himself took the matter in hand and shot them.—Harper's Young People.

Tea Drinking in Japan.

Tea was first introduced into Japan by a Buddhist saint, Dangyo Daishi, about the beginning of the Ninth century. But its cultivation made no progress until the Abbot Myoe laid out some plantations at Toga-no-o, and afterward at Uji, which are yet the most celebrated in Japan. Though it was freely drank and used among the upper classes, Mr. Chamberlain, who is an authority, does not think the custom was at all universal among the lower classes until the Seventeenth century.

The first tea drinking was indulged in by the Zen sect of Buddhists, simply with the intention of keeping themselves awake during their midnight devotions. The first aristocratic tea drinker of whom there is any record is Monamoto Sanetomo, a shogun, who lived in the Thirteenth century. Esai, a Buddhist abbot, tried to reclaim him from his intemperate habits by inducing him to drink tea instead of sake. The enthusiastic abbot drew up rules to govern the ceremony, which naturally he made religious. First came a very plain, frugal meal, then a service consisting of worshiping departed ancestors, the noisy beating of drums and much burning of incense. Esai also published a book in which he clearly explains how tea benefits the "five viscera"—the heart, liver, lungs, kidneys and intestines—and its influence against oni, or demons.

Owing to the abbot's introduction of the plant and his zeal for its use it is fashionable for real enthusiasts to join his sect (the Zens), and it is the abbot of Daitokuji from whom credentials of proficiency in the mysteries are obtained.—San Francisco Call.

The Umbrella Is Very Valuable.

"An umbrella is one of the most useful articles that a man can carry with him," said Lamar J. Saunders, from Jackson, Miss. "One can be used in a dozen different ways. When the sun is shining hot, or when it is raining, a man without an umbrella must either remain indoors or suffer. As a weapon of defense there is nothing better. You can keep a man at his distance with one better than you could with a stick. Next to a shotgun or a pistol, there is no more dangerous weapon.

"I remember one time I was in a hotel that caught afire early in the morning. The guests were awakened by the stifling smoke and noise. My room was on the second floor, and by the time I had slipped on my pants the fire had gained such headway that all avenues of escape were closed. But there was my umbrella and a window, and the rest was easy.

"Another time I was walking through a pasture when a bull, with his eyes ablaze with fire, made for me. I kept my senses, and when he got within about fifty yards of me I ran toward him, opening and closing the umbrella as fast as I could. The bull wheeled around and ran from me faster than he ever ran before in his life.

"And for frightening dogs, I had rather have an umbrella than an arsenal."—St. Louis Republic.

The Why of It.

The Hindoo fatalist extends to the intellectual side of life. In grammar with them, as in destiny, a thing is so because it is so; fatalism kills out reason as it kills out spiritual effort and aspiration. I shall never forget trying to get an explanation from a Hindoo teacher of finding, in some of their writings, a plural substantive mated to a singular verb.

"Why does not this plural noun take a plural verb?"

"Because it takes a singular verb."

"Why?"

"Because it is right that it should do so."

"Why wouldn't it be right that it should take a plural verb?"

"Because it would be wrong."

"But I thought plural substantives always took plural verbs?"

"They do."

"Yet this one does not?"

"No; this one does not."

"What rule governs it then?"

"There is no rule. It does so because it is right that it should do so.—Boston Transcript.

Weak Eyes from Round Keys.

According to Dr. L. Webster Fox, a new cause of eye trouble has been found in typewriting machines. A patient called upon him who complained of sore eyes and a sensation as of sand under the eyelids. He examined the eyes carefully and found no organic weakness, and on questioning the patient further found that he had been using a typewriter with round keys, and that the most trouble was experienced while at work. He advised the use of a machine with a black keyboard and rectangular keys, and after a few months' trial of such a machine the patient had no more trouble.—Analyst.

A Cure for Baldness.

Is the human race in the near future to be entirely bald on the top of its head, where the hair ought to grow? is a question agitating tonsorial circles and the manly victims thereof. Some people are born bald, some achieve baldness and others have it thrust upon them, and it is with the latter class that the distressing consequences of modern living have the most to do. As everybody is cognizant, the glory of man as well as woman is his hair. Baldness is venerable, but it is not always venerated, and then it is frightfully inconvenient. In a woman art supplies nature, but unlucky man has no such remedy that cannot be detected, and however indifferent to appearances he made be, it is not in his disposition to meekly submit to the trouble it entails.

A wise parent afflicted by a loss of hair should take a lesson in hirsute development from the lower classes in Europe and give his offspring the benefit. Whoever saw a bald workingman or shopkeeper in France? Whoever found among the peasants of Europe shining pates? The reason for this natural thatching is a most simple one; these people live outdoors, unbonneted, and it is only when man becomes reckless and superrefined in his living that the hair falls. So much for civilization.

But having discovered that civilization, not to say dissipation, is at the root of fin de siecle's hair falling, why not counteract this difficulty by starting the little chaps aright, not merely in the paths of virtue, but by taking away their hats and caps and making them go bareheaded until they are fully grown? One of these days the wisdom of some of the Old World customs will strike home in America, and it need not be called anglomania either.—

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc.

Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

WHITE RUSSIAN SOAP.

Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." Carlos Martyn, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Edwin F. Pardee, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier, SULPHUR BITTERS.

Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses SULPHUR Bitters.

The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied. Get it of your Druggist.

DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE.

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

They cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations..	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....	.25
3	Teething; Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults......	.25
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis............	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache......	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation.	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods...	.25
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods..........	.25
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness......	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains......	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague......	.25
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.25
20	Whooping Cough....................	.25
27	Kidney Diseases....................	.25
28	Nervous Debility.....................	1.00
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